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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Softly now! tenderly! lift him with care,—
This is a hero whose pale form ye bear.
Raise that right arm of his up to his side;
Look, here, that's where the ball struck when he died!

Brush back the hair from his pain moistened brow;
Cold enough,—still enough—white enough now.
Lay his cap over it—gently—that's right,
Cover his dead eyes away from the light.

Loosen his sword belt,—there, take it away:
No blade is sheathed in the scabbard to-day.
Here, throw this flag o'er his poor wounded breast,
Wrapped in its folds we will lay him to rest.

Only this morning, poor fellow! he stood
Smiling in front, gallant, noble and good,
Cheering his comrades, himself at the head;
Now they have killed him—we bear him here dead!

Some heart is longing and hoping for him;
Some eyes must weep till their light has grown dim;
Some hand shall never more meet touch of his:
Heaven curse the traitors whose work is like this.

There, lay him down, in his lone hero-grave—
Throw the earth tenderly over the brave.
Now leave him sleeping—'tis all we can do—
Love's work is o'er for him—life's journey through.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By the Author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," "The Channings," etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

TORMENTS FOR THE MASTER OF TREVLYN HOLD.

There appeared to be no place on earth for Rupert Trevlyn. Most people have some little nook, be it lordly or lowly, that they fit into and can call their own; but he had none. He was but suffered at the Hold. It was the *home* of the other of its inmates: even the servants held their places in it as of right for the time being; but Rupert was made to feel stranger and stranger in it day by day. Nobody loved him; nobody cared for him, save his sister and Mrs. Chattaway; but Maude did not dare *demonstrate* much of her affection, and Mrs. Chattaway none. He was made to feel himself an intruder; the very servants, I say, were treated better than he was. It is true, he was allowed at the same table, and might appear in the general sitting-room; but he was openly treated as one who had no business there—the poor relation that we read of as having been suffered in families in the days for ever gone by; who was expected to amuse my lord when he was hippish, and might call the coach for my lady.

The chief marks of unkindness emanated from Mr. Chattaway and his eldest son and daughter. Miss Trevlyn was never decidedly unkind to him; she was cold and haughty to him, as to all; but not otherwise unkind. Occasionally, if any ill-treatment from the others was brought under her notice—though the children were more guarded in Miss Diana's presence, and at those times left Rupert to himself—she would interfere with a stern reprimand; asking them if they had forgotten that Rupert was their equal, and forbidding them to slight him.

What could be the origin of this ill-feeling towards Rupert Trevlyn? It began with Mr. Chattaway, and his children had but taken their tone from him. Did there exist some latent dread in the heart of Mr. Chattaway, and from thence penetrating to that of Cris, whispering that he, Rupert, the true heir of Trevlyn Hold, might at some future day, through some unforeseen and apparently impossible chance, come into his rights? No doubt it was so. There are no other means of accounting for it. It may be, they deemed that the more effectually he was kept under, treated as an object to be despised, lowered from his proper station, the less chance would there be of that covert dread growing into a certainty. Whatever may have been its cause, Rupert was shamefully put upon. It is true, I say, that he sat at their table at meals—that he sat in the same sitting-room. But at the table he was placed below the rest, at any inconvenient corner, where there was no room for his legs or his plate; where he was served last, and that from the plainest dish. If two dishes were on the table—boiled mutton and roast turkey, let us say—while Mr. Chattaway's children revelled to their content in the turkey and its sauces, Rupert had the mutton dealt out to him. Mrs. Chattaway's heart would ache; but she could not alter it; it had ached from the same cause for many a year. Maude's ached; and Maude would decline the rich viands and eat the poor ones, that it might seem less hard to Rupert. There were times, indeed, when Miss Trevlyn would speak up. "Rupert, don't you prefer turkey?" "Yes, Aunt Diana"—and Miss Diana would call down the table, "Mr. Chattaway, give Rupert some turkey; he prefers it." But this did not happen often; perhaps Miss Diana was unobservant. In their evenings, when the rest were gathered round the comfortable fire, Rupert would be pushed back with the remote chairs and tables, and left there to make the best of the cold. Nothing in the world, of petty wants, was so coveted by Rupert Trevlyn as a warm seat by the fire. It had been coveted by his father when he was Rupert's age, and perhaps Miss Diana remembered this, for she would call Rupert forward to the fire, and sharply rebuke those who would have kept him from it.

But Miss Diana was not always in the room; not often, in fact. She had her private sitting-room up stairs, as Mrs. Chattaway had hers; and both ladies more frequently retired to them in an evening, leaving the younger ones to enjoy themselves, with their books and their work, their music and their games, unrestrained by their presence. And poor Rupert was condemned to the remote, cold, unsocial quarters of the room, where nobody noticed him.

In that point alone, the cold, it was a bitter trial. Of spare, thin frame, weakly of constitution, shivery by nature, a good fire and a place close to it was to Rupert Trevlyn almost an essential of existence. And it was what he rarely got at Trevlyn Hold. No wonder he was driven out. Even old Canham's wood fire, that he might get right into it if he pleased, was an improvement upon the drawing-room at Trevlyn.

But this digression is not getting on with the story, and you will not thank me for it. After parting with George Ryle, Maude Trevlyn, in obedience to the imperious mandates of her pupils, turned her steps homewards. Emily was a boisterous, troublesome, disobedient girl; Edith was more gentle, more amiable, in looks and disposition resembling her mother, but the example of her sisters was infectious, and spoiled her.

"What was George Ryle saying to you, Maude?" somewhat insolently asked Emily.

"He was talking of Rupert," she incautiously answered, her mind buried in thought.

When they reached the Hold, Mr. Chattaway's horse was being led about by a groom, waiting for its master, who had returned, and was in-doors. As they crossed the hall, they met him coming out of the breakfast-room. Octave was with him, talking.

"Cris would have waited, no doubt, papa, had he known you wanted him. He ate his breakfast in a hurry, and went out. I suppose he has gone to Blackstone."

"I particularly wanted him," grumbled Mr. Chattaway, who never was pleasant-tempered at the best of times, but would show himself unbearable if put out. "Cris knew I should want him this morning. First Rupert, and then Cris! Are you all going to turn disobedient?"

He made a halt at the door when he came to it, putting on his riding-glove. They stood grouped around him—Octave, Maude, and Emily. Edith had ran out, and was near the horse.

"I would give a crown piece to know what Mr. Rupert did with himself last night," he savagely uttered. "John," exalting his voice, "have you any idea where Rupert Trevlyn hid himself all night?"

The locking-out had been known to the household; had afforded it considerable gossip. John had taken part in it; had joined in its surmises and its comments; therefore he was not at fault for a ready answer.

"I don't know nothing certain, sir. It ain't unlikely as he went down to the 'Sheaf o' Corn,' and slep' there."

"No, no, he did not," involuntarily burst from Maude.

It was not a lucky admission, for its tone was confidently decisive, implying that she knew where he did sleep. She spoke in the moment's impulse. The "Sheaf of Corn" was a public-house, situated on the lower road to Barbrook. It had become notorious for its irregular doings, and Maude felt shocked at the bare suggestion that Rupert would enter such a place.

Mr. Chattaway turned to her. "Where *did* he sleep? What do you know about it?"

Maude's face turned hot and cold. She opened her lips to answer, but closed them again, without speaking, the words dying away in her uncertainty and hesitation.

Mr. Chattaway may have felt surprised. He knew perfectly well that Maude had held no communication with Rupert that morning. He had seen Rupert come in; he had seen him go out; and Maude, the whole of the time, had not stirred from his presence. He bent his cold gray eyes upon her.

"From whom have you been hearing of Rupert's doings?"

It is very probable that Maude would have been quite at a loss for an answer. To say, "I know nothing of where Rupert slept," would have violated the rules of truth; but to avow that the lodge had sheltered him would not be expedient, for its inmate's sake. Maude, however, was saved a reply, for Emily spoke up before she had time to give one, ill-nature in her tone, ill-nature in her words.

"Maude must have heard it from George Ryle. You saw her talking to him, papa. She said he had been speaking of Rupert."

Mr. Chattaway did not ask another question. It would have been superfluous to do so, in the conclusion he had come to. He believed that Rupert had slept at Trevlyn Farm. How else could George Ryle have had cognizance of his movements?

"They'll be hatching a plot to try to overthrow me," he muttered to himself, as he went out to his horse, for his was one of those mean, suspicious natures which are always fancying the world is putting itself in antagonism against them. "Maude Ryle has been wanting to get me out of Trevlyn Hold ever since I came into it. From the very hour when she heard the squire's will read, and found I had inherited, she has been planning and plotting for it. She'd rather see Rupert in it than me; and she'd rather see her pitiful son Treve in it than any. Yes, yes, Mr. Rupert, we know what you frequent Trevlyn Farm for. But it won't answer. It's waste of plans and waste of time; it's waste of wickedness. They must do away with the executive of England's laws, before they can upset Squire Trevlyn's will. I'm safe in the estate, but it's not less annoying to know that my tenure is continually plotted against; hauled over and pored into with their tongues and brains, and turned and twisted about to see if they can't find a flaw in it, or insert one of their own manufacture."

It was a most strange thing that these suspicious fears should hold perpetual place in the mind of the master of Trevlyn Hold. Not the suspicion touching the plotting and the hatching; *that* came natural to him; but the latent fears lest his ownership should be shaken. A man who holds an estate by means of a legal will, on which no shade of a suspicion can be cast, need not dread its being wrested from him. It was in Squire Trevlyn's power to leave the Hold and its revenues to whom he would. Had he chosen to bequeath it to an utter stranger, one taken at hazard from the names in the Directory, it was in his power so to do; and he had bequeathed it to James Chattaway. Failing direct male heirs, it may be thought that Mr. Chattaway had as much right to it as any one else; at any rate, it had been the Squire's pleasure to bequeath it to him; the bequest was made in all due and legal and proper form, and there the matter was at an end. *It was looked upon as at an end by everybody except Chattaway.* Except Chattaway! Why, I say, should it not have been looked upon as at an end by him? Ay, there's the strange mystery. None can fathom the curious depths of the human heart. That the master of Trevlyn Hold was ever conscious of a vague dread that his tenure was to be some time disturbed, was indisputable. He never betrayed it to any living being by so much as a word; he strove to hide it even from himself; he pretended to ignore it altogether; but there it was, down deep in his secret heart, and there it remained; ay, and there it tormented him, however unwilling he might have been to acknowledge that fact.

Could it be a prevision of what was really to take place? a mysterious, not-to-be-accounted-for foreshadowing of the future? There are people who tell us that such warnings come.

The singularity of the affair was, that no grounds, or possible suspicion of grounds, could exist for this latent fear. Why, then, should it show itself? In point of right, of justice, there's no question that Rupert Trevlyn was the true heir; but right and justice cannot contend against law, as we know by the instances presented to our notice every day; and there was no more chance that Rupert could succeed in the face of the Squire's will than that old Canham at the lodge could succeed. Had the Squire's two sons been living, he could have willed the estate to Chattaway, had he chosen. Whence, then, arose the fear? Why, from that source whence it arises in many people—a bad conscience. It was true the estate had been legally left to him; that he was secure in it by the power of law; but he knew that his own nefarious handiwork, his deceit, had brought it to him; he knew that when he suppressed the news of the birth of Rupert, and suffered Squire Trevlyn to go to his grave unaltered as to that, he was guilty of nothing less than a crime in the sight of God. Mr. Chattaway had heard of that inconvenient thing, retribution, and his fancy suggested that it might possibly overtake him.

If he had but known that he might have set his mind at rest as to the plotting and planning, he would have cared less to oppose Rupert's visits to Trevlyn Farm. Nothing could be further from the thoughts of Rupert, or from George Ryle's, than any hatching of plots against Chattaway. Their evenings, when together, were spent in harmless conversation, in chess, in other rational ways, without so much as a reference to Chattaway. But that gentleman did not know it, and tormented himself perpetually.

He got on his horse, and he rode down the avenue, Octave turned to Maude.

"Where did you see George Ryle this morning?"

"In the lane near the common. He was with Mr. Chattaway."

"It appears to me that you contrive to meet him very frequently."

The blood rushed into the cheeks of Maude; not at the words, but at the tone in which they were spoken.

"I surprised you talking with him yesterday," continued Octave.

"We met him yesterday by accident," said Maude, calmly, her cheeks toning down. "We meet him by accident this morning. Is there harm in it?"

"A great deal; if you throw yourself purposely in his way. Met him by accident!" concluded Octave, in a scornful mocking tone.

Maude disdained a refutation. She threw back her head after the manner of the Trevlyns. It made Octave angry and her voice as she spoke had a stinging sound.

"Be so good as to take care what example you set my sisters, Miss Maude Trevlyn. It may be as well that you should not meet George Ryle too frequently, when you are in charge of them."

Maude replied not. She had been compelled to learn patience in retort at Trevlyn Hold. She turned from Octave to the younger ones, told them to get ready for their lessons, and went towards her own room to remove her things.

As Mr. Chattaway slowly rode down the road past Trevlyn Farm, buried in his unpleasant thoughts, which of course turned upon that terrible bugbear of his life, hatching and plotting, he saw Nora Dickson at the fold-yard gate. A thought struck him and he turned his horse's head towards her.

"How came your people to give Rupert Trevlyn a bed last night? They must know it would very much displease me."

"Give Rupert Trevlyn a bed!" repeated Nora, regarding Mr. Chattaway with the uncompromising stare which she was fond of giving that gentleman; "he did not have a bed here."

"No!" replied Mr. Chattaway.

"No," reiterated Nora. "What should he want with a bed here? Has he not got his own at Trevlyn Hold? One bed there isn't much for him—when he might have expected to own the whole; but I suppose he can at least count upon that."

Mr. Chattaway turned his horse short round, and rode away without another word. He always got the worst of it with Nora. A trifling explosion of his private sentiments with regard to her was spoken to the air, and he again became absorbed on the subject of Rupert.

"Where *can* he, then, have passed the night?"

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. CHATTAWAY'S OFFICE.

It was Nora's day for churning. The butter was made twice a week at Trevlyn Farm, and the making of it fell to Nora. She was sole priestess of the dairy: it was many and many a long year since anybody but herself had interfered in it: except, indeed, in the churning. One of the men on the farm did that for her in a general way: and the words above, with which this chapter commences, "It was Nora's day for churning," would be looked upon by anybody familiar with the executive of Trevlyn Farm as a figure of speech.

In point of fact, however, they would have proved to be literally true as to this particular day. When Nora was detected at the fold-yard gate by Mr. Chattaway, idly staring up and down the road; she was looking for Jim Sanders, to order him in to churn. Not the Jim Sanders whom you heard mentioned in the earlier portion of our history, but Jim's son. Jim the elder

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE IRISH BRIGADE.

They had a "high old time" of it on St. Patrick's day in General Meagher's Irish Brigade on the Rappahannock. Our picture this week, engraved expressly for The Post, from "Frank Leslie's Paper," represents the hurdle and ditch race, which is said to have been well contested, and a highly exciting scene.—Such amusements have an excellent effect in varying the monotony of camp life, and keeping up the spirits of the soldiers.

was dead; he had brought on rather too many attacks of inward inflammation (a disease to which he was predisposed) with his bowl of beer; and at last one attack more than the rest came, and proved too much for him. The present Jim, representative of his name, was a youth of fourteen, not overdrawn with brains, but strong of muscle and sound of limb, and was found handy on the farm, where he was required to make himself useful at any work that came uppermost.

Just now he was wanted to turn the churn. The man who usually performed that duty was too busy out of doors to be spared for it to-day; therefore it fell to Jim. But Nora could not see Jim anywhere, and she returned in-doors and commenced the work herself.

The milk at the right temperature—for Nora was too experienced a dairywoman not to know that if she attempted to churn at the wrong one, it would be hours before the butter came—she took out the thermometer, and turned the milk into the churn. As she was doing this, the servant entered: a tall, stolid girl, remarkable for little except her height: Nanny by name.

"Ain't nobody coming in to churn?" asked she.

"It seems not," answered Nora.

"Shall I do it?"

"Not if I know it," returned Nora. "You'd like to quit your work for this straightforward pastime, wouldn't you? Have you got the potatoes on for the pigs?"

"No," said Nanny, sullenly.

"Then go and see about it. You know it was to be done to-day. And I suppose the fire's burning and wasting away under the furnace in readiness."

Nanny stalked out of the dairy. She nearly always went about in pattens, which made her look like some great giantess moving in the house. Nora churned steadily away, using her arms alternately, and turned her butter on to the making-up board in about three quarters of an hour. As she was proceeding to make it up she saw through the wired window George ride into the fold-yard, and leave his horse in the stable. Another minute, and he came in.

"Is Mr. Callaway not come yet, Nora?"

"I have seen nothing of him, Mr. George."

George took out his watch: the one bequeathed him by his father. It was only a silver one—as it may be in your remembrance Mr. Ryle remarked—but George valued it as though it had been set in diamonds. He would be sure to wear that watch and no other so long as he should live. His initials were engraved on it now: G. B. R. standing for George Berkeley Ryle.

"If Callaway cannot keep his appointments better than this, I shall beg him not to make any more with me," he remarked. "The last time he kept me waiting three parts of an hour."

"Have you seen Jim Sanders this morning?" asked Nora.

"Jim Sanders? I saw him in the stable as I rode out."

"I should like to find him. He is skulking somewhere. I have had to churn myself."

"Where's Roger, then?"

"Roger couldn't hinder his time in-doors to-day. I say, Mr. George, what's the matter up at Treviyn Hold again about Rupert?" resumed Nora, turning from her butter to glance at George.

"Why do you ask?" was his reply.

"Chattaway rode by an hour ago when I was outside looking after Jim Sanders. He stopped his horse, and asked how we came to give Rupert a bed last night, when we knew that it would displease him. Like his insolence!"

"What answer did you make?" said George, after a pause.

"I gave him one," said Nora, significantly. "Chattaway needn't fear he'll get no answer when he comes to me. He knows that."

"But what did you say about Rupert?"

"I said we had not given him a bed That he had not slept here. If Chattaway—

Nora's speech was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Chattaway's daughter, Octave. She had come to the farm, and attracted by the sound of voices in the dairy, made her way to it at once. Miss Chattaway had taken it into her head lately to be friendly at Treviyn farm, honoring it with frequent visits. Mrs. Ryle neither encouraged nor repulsed her. She was civilly indifferent; but the young lady chose to take that as a welcome. Nora did not show her much greater favor than she was in the habit of showing her father. She bent her head over the butter-board, as if unaware that anybody had entered.

George took off his hat, which he had been wearing, as she stepped on to the cold floor of the dairy, and received her hand, which was held out to him. "Are you quite well, Miss Chattaway?"

"Who would have thought of seeing you at home at this hour?" she exclaimed, in the pretty, winning manner she could put on at times, and which she always did put on to George Ryle.

"And in Nora's dairy, watching her make up the butter!" he answered, in his free, pleasant, laughing tone. "The fact is, I have an appointment with a gentleman this morning, and he is keeping me waiting and making me angry. I can't spare the time to be in-doors."

"You look angry!" exclaimed Octave, laughing at him.

"Looks go for nothing," returned George. "Is your harvest nearly in?"

"If this fine weather shall only last four or five days' longer, it will be all in. We have had a glorious harvest this year. I hope everybody's as thankful for it as I am."

"You have some especial cause to be thankful for it?" she observed.

"I have."

She had spoken lightly, and the strangely earnest tone of the answer struck upon her. George could have said that but for that plentiful harvest they might not quite so soon have got rid of her father's debt.

"When shall you hold your harvest home?"

"Next Thursday; this day week," replied George. "Will you come to it?"

"Thank you very much," said Octave. "Yes, I will."

Had it been to save his life, George Ryle could not have helped the surprise in his eyes, as he turned them on Octave Chattaway. He had asked the question in the light, careless gayety of the moment; really not intending it as an invitation; if he had meant it as an invitation, and proffered it in all earnestness, he never would have supposed it one to be accepted by Octave. Mr. Chattaway's family had not been in the habit of visiting at Treviyn Farm.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," thought George. "I don't know what my mother will say to this: but if *she* comes, some of the rest shall come."

It almost seemed as if Octave had divined part of his thoughts.

"I must ask my Aunt Ryle whether she will have me. I shall tell her, by way of bribe, that I delight in harvest homes."

"We must have you all," said George. "Your sisters and Maude. Treve will be at home, I expect, and the Apperleys will be here."

"Who else will be here?" asked Octave. "But I don't know about my sisters and Maude."

"Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. They and the Apperleys always come."

"That starched old parson!" uttered Octave. "Does he show at a harvest home? He is not a favorite with us at the Hold."

"I think he is, with your mamma."

"Oh, mamma's nobody. Of course we are civil to the Freemans, and exchange dull visits with them once or twice a year. You must be passably civil to the parson you sit under."

There was a pause. Octave advanced nearer to Nora, who had gone on diligently with her work, never turning her head, or noticing Miss Chattaway by so much as a look. Octave drew close and watched her.

"How industrious you are, Nora!—as if you enjoyed the occupation. I should not like to grease my hands, making up butter."

"There are some might make it up in black kid gloves to save their hands," retorted Nora. "The butter wouldn't be any the better for it, Miss Chattaway."

At this juncture Mrs. Ryle's voice was heard, and Octave quitted the dairy to go in search of her. George was about to follow when Nora stopped him.

"What's the meaning of this new friendship for us here—of these morning calls, and proffered evening visits?" she asked; her voice full of grave seriousness, her eyes thrown keenly on George's face.

"How should I know?" he carelessly replied.

"If you don't, I do," she said. "Can you take care of yourself, George Ryle?"

"I believe I can," he answered.

"Then do," said Nora, with an emphatic nod. "And don't despise my caution; perhaps you may want it."

He laughed in his gay light heartedness; but he did not tell Nora how entirely unnecessary her precautionary warning was. Nanny put her head within the dairy.

"Here's a gentleman come. He's asking for you, sir."

"Callaway," said George, hastening away; "I'm glad of that."

Later in the day, George Ryle had business which took him to Blackstone. It was no inviting ride. The place, as he drew near, had that flat, dreary, black aspect peculiar to the neighborhood of mines in work. Rows of black and smoky huts were to be seen, the dwellings of the men who worked in the pits; and little children ran about with naked legs and tattered clothing, whose thin faces were of squalid whiteness.

"Is it the perpetual *dirt* they live in that makes these children look so unhealthy?" thought George—a question he had asked himself a hundred times. "I believe the mothers never wash them; perhaps they deem it would be a work of supererogation, where all around is so black—even to the very atmosphere."

Black, indeed! Within George's view at that moment might be seen high chimneys congregating in all directions, their tall tops throwing out their volumes of smoke and flame. Valuable works were established around, connected with iron and other productions of the richly-endowed mines which abounded in the neighborhood. Valuable parts of land for the use of man! for the furtherance of his civilization, his comforts; for the increase of his wealth! but not pleasant for his eye, as compared with the rich fertilization of other spots—their clear air, their green meadows, and their blossoming trees.

The office belonging to the colliery of Mr. Chattaway stood in a particularly dreary angle of the main road. It was a low but not very small building, facing the road on one side, looking to those tall chimneys and the dreary flat of country on two of the others. On the fourth was a sort of enclosed yard or waste ground, which appeared to contain nothing but different heaps of coal, a peculiar description of barrow, and some round shallow baskets. The building looked like a great shed, roofed over, and divided into partitions.

As George rode by, he saw Rupert standing outside the narrow entrance door, leaning against its side as if in fatigue or idleness. Ford, the clerk, a young man accustomed to take life in an easy manner, and to give himself little concern as to how it went, was standing near, his hands in his pockets. To see them thus, doing nothing, was sufficient to tell George that Chattaway was not about, and he rode across the strip of waste land intervening between the road and the office.

"You look tired, Rupert."

"It's what I am," answered Rupert. "If things are to go on like this, I shall grow tired of life."

"Not yet," said George, cheeringly. "You may talk of that, perhaps, some fifty years hence."

Rupert made no answer. The sunlight (which had decidedly a black shade in it) fell on his fair features, on his golden hair. There was a haggardness in those features, a melancholy look in the dark blue eyes, that George did not like to see. Ford, the clerk, who was humming the verse of a song, cut short the melody in its midst, and addressed George.

"He has been in this gay state all the afternoon, sir. A charming companion for a fellow! It's a good thing I'm pretty jolly myself, or we might both get consigned to the county asylum; two cases of melancholy madness. I hope he won't make a night of it again—that's all. Nothing wears out a chap for the day like no bed, and no breakfast at the end of it."

"It isn't that," said Rupert; "I'm sick of it altogether. There has been nothing but a row here all day, George—ask Ford. Chattaway has been on at us all. First, he attacked me; he demanded where I did sleep, and I wouldn't tell him; next, he attacked Cris—a most unusual thing—and Cris has not overgot it yet. He has gone galloping off to gallop his ill temper away."

"Chattaway has?"

"Not Chattaway; Cris. Cris never came here until one o'clock, and Chattaway had wanted him, and there ensued a row. Next, Ford came in for it; he had made his entries wrong. Something had uncommonly put out Chattaway—that was certain; and to mend his temper the inspector of collieries came to-day and found fault; ordering things to be done that Chattaway says he won't do."

"Where's Chattaway now?"

"Oh, he is gone home. I wish I was there," added Rupert, "without the trouble of walking to it. Chattaway has been ordering a load of coals to the Hold. If they were going this evening instead of to-morrow morning, I protest I'd take my seat upon them, and get home that way."

"Are you so very tired?" asked George.

"Dead beat."

"It's the sitting up," put in Ford again. "I don't think much of that kind of thing will do for Mr. Rupert Treviyn."

"Perhaps it wouldn't do for you," grumbled Rupert.

George prepared to ride away.

"Have you had any dinner, Rupert?" he asked.

"I tried some, but my appetite had gone by. Chattaway was here till past two o'clock, and after that I wasn't hungry."

"He tried at bread-and-cheese," said Ford. "I told him if he'd get a piece of steak I'd cook it for him, if he was too tired to cook it himself; but he didn't."

"I must be gone," said George. "You will not have left in half an hour's time, shall you, Rupert?"

"No; nor in an hour either."

George rode off over the black and stony ground, and they looked after him. Then Ford bethought himself of a message he was charged to deliver at one of the pits, and Rupert went in-doors and sat down to the desk on his high stool.

Within the half-hour George Ryle was back. He rode up to the door, and dismounted. Rupert came back, a pen in his hand.

"Are you ready to go home now, Rupert?" Rupert shook his head.

"Ford went to the pit, and is not back yet; and I have a lot of writing to do. Why?"

"I thought we could have gone home together. You shall ride my horse, and I'll walk; it will tire you less than going on foot."

"You are very kind, George," said Rupert. "Yes, I should like to ride. I was thinking just now, that if Cris were worth anything, he'd let me ride his horse back. But he's not worth anything, he'd no more let me ride his horse and walk himself, than he'd let me ride him."

"Is Cris not gone home?"

"I fancy not. Unless he has gone by without calling in. Will you wait, George?"

"No. I must walk on. But I'll leave you the horse. You can leave it at the Farm, Rupert, and walk the rest of the way."

"I can ride on to the Hold, and send it back."

George hesitated for half a moment before he spoke.

"I would prefer that you should leave it at the Farm, Rupert. It will not be far for you to walk after that."

Rupert acquiesced. Did he wonder why he might not ride the horse to the Hold? George would not say to him, "Because even that slight attention must, if possible, be kept from the ears of Chattaway." It might make Rupert's position even worse.

He fastened the bridle to a hook in the wall's angle, where Mr. Chattaway often tied his horse, where Cris sometimes tied his. There was a stable near; but unless they were going to remain in the office or about the pits, Mr. Chattaway and his son seldom put up their horses.

George Ryle walked away with a hearty step, and Rupert returned to his desk. A quarter of an hour passed on, and the clerk, Ford, did not return. Rupert got impatient for his arrival, and went to the door to look out for him. He did not see Ford; but he did see Cris Chattaway. Cris was approaching on foot, at a small's pace, leading his horse, which was dead lame.

"Here's a nice bother!" called out Cris. "How I am to get back home, I don't know."

"What has happened?" returned Rupert.

"Can't you see what has happened? *How* it happened I am unable to tell you. All I know is, the horse fell suddenly lame, and whined out like a child. Something must have run into his foot, I conclude: is there still, perhaps. Whose horse is that: Why, it's George Ryle's," concluded Cris, in the same breath, as he drew sufficiently near to recognize it. "What brings his horse here?"

"He has lent it to me, to save my walking home," said Rupert.

"Where is he? Here?"

"He has gone home on foot. I can't think where Ford's lingering," added Rupert, walking into the yard, and mounting on one of the smaller heaps of coal to get a better view of the side road from the colliery, by which Ford might be expected to arrive. "He has been gone this hour."

Cris was walking off in the direction of the stable, carefully leading his horse.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Rupert. "To leave him in the stable?"

"Until I can get home and send the grooms for him. *I'm* not going to cool my heels, dragging him home," retorted Cris.

Rupert retired in-doors, and sat down on the high stool. He had some accounts to make up yet. They had to be done that evening; and as Ford did not come in to do them, he must. Had Ford been there, Rupert would have left him to do it, and gone home at once.

"I wonder how many years of my life I am to wear out in this lively place?" thought Rupert, after five minutes of uninterrupted attention given to this work, which in consequence slightly progressed. It's a shame that I should be put to it. A paid fellow at ten shillings a week would do it better than I. If Chattaway had a spark of good feeling in him, he'd put me into a farm. It would be far better for me altogether, and more fitting a Treviyn. Catch him at it! He'd not let me be my own master for—"

A sound as of a horse trotting off from the door interrupted Rupert's cogitations. He flew off his stool to see. A thought crossed him that George Ryle's horse might have got loose, and be speeding home riderless, at his own will and pleasure.

George Ryle's horse it was, but not riderless. To Rupert's intense astonishment, he saw Mr. Cris mounted on him, leisurely riding away.

"Hallos!" called out Rupert, speeding after the horse and his rider. "What are you going to do with that horse, Cris?"

Cris turned his head, but did not stop. "To ride him home. His having been left here just happens right. He'll carry me nicely."

"You get off," shouted Rupert. "The horse was lent to me, not to you. Do you hear, Cris?"

Cris heard, but did not stop: he was urging the horse faster. "You don't want him," he roughly said. "You can walk as you always do."

Further remonstrance, further following was useless. Rupert's words were drowned in the echoes of the horse's hoofs, galloping away in the distance. Rupert stood, white with anger, impotent to stop him, his hands stretched out on the empty air, as if their action could arrest the horse and bring him back. Certainly the mortification was bitter; the circumstance precisely one of those likely to excite the choler of an excitable nature; and Rupert was on the point of going into that dangerous fit of madness known as the Treviyn passion, when its course was turned aside by a hand being laid upon his shoulder.

He turned, it may almost be said, savagely. Ford was standing there out of breath, his good-humored face red with the exertion of running.

"I say, Mr. Rupert, you'll do a fellow a service, won't you? I have had a message that my mother's taken suddenly ill; a fit, they say, of some sort. Will you finish what there is to do here, and lock up for once, so that I can go home directly?"

Rupert nodded. In his passionate disappointment about the horse, at having to walk home when he expected to ride, at being put upon, treated as of no account by Cris Chattaway, it seemed of little moment to him how long he remained, or what work he had to do: and the clerk, waiting for no further permission, sped away with a fleet foot. Rupert's face was losing its deathly whiteness—there is no degree of whiteness like unto that born of passion or of sudden terror; but when he sat down again to the desk, the hostile of emotion was shining in his cheeks and lips.

Well, oh, well for him, could these dangerous fits of passion have been always arrested in their course on the threshold, as this had been arrested now! The word dangerous is put advisedly: they brought nothing less than danger in their train.

But alas! this was not to be.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE WAR.

The warlike reports of the current week have generally been of a favorable character. The rebel attack on Washington, N. C., appears to have been repulsed, and the Union forces are again resuming the offensive in that section.

From South Carolina we have the news that the iron-clads are strengthening themselves with an additional coat of mail, preparatory to another visit to Charleston.

From the Rappahannock we have as yet very little that is new. So far this spring we believe no movement has been attempted that has not been frustrated by a tremendous storm of rain or snow. The fords are still very high, and only a squadron or two have crossed the Rappahannock at any point. General Hooker is said to be exceedingly chagrined at being prevented from making effective movements by the April rains, and chafes at the thought that the people of the North may wonder that he does not make them, while they cannot fully appreciate the causes of delay.

It is reported that a submarine telegraph was recently discovered, with one end in a house in Falmouth and the other within the rebel lines across the river. Some four or five sympathizers with the rebels, were discovered in the very act of working the telegraphic instrument.

Apropos to this, we have the following statement:—

Mr. James L. Addison, Chief Clerk of the Adjutant-General's Office, who was arrested on the charge of conveying letters to Rev. John Martin, who was detected in forwarding letters clandestinely into rebeldom, has been released from arrest. It was shown that as an act of neighborly kindness, this gentleman has for years been in the habit of taking home with him every night the letters in the Post-office at Washington, addressed to his neighbors, among whom is Minister Martin. This was his only connection with Martin's treasonable practices.

The leak at Washington, it would seem, therefore is not discovered yet. We had hoped it was found. Perhaps when it is, the traitor may be reprimanded, or even—horrible fate—"dismissed from the service!"

From the South-West we have the news that eight gunboats, accompanied by transports, have run the gauntlet at Vicksburg, and that a large army is now being concentrated at Carthage preparatory to an attack upon Vicksburg from the South. This accession of gunboats must give us control of all the Mississippi, with the exception of the space directly commanded by the rebel batteries at Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

The Union lines are also bearing down upon the state of Mississippi from Memphis, and Gen. Steele recently made an expedition from Greenville into the fertile country lying to the north of Vicksburg, which is characterized by its large estates, its handsome residences, and all the most striking and agreeable features of a lordly plantation life. It is painful to read of the inroad of an army into such a peaceful and prosperous section of country, even after we admit the absolute necessity of the case. General Steele's expedition brought back with it, it is reported, "200 mules, 100 horses, 34 yoke of oxen, 400 head of beef cattle, 30 wagons, 4,000 pounds of bacon, 70,000 pounds of sugar, 500 gallons of molasses, and about 1,000 slaves. They destroyed about 20 cotton-gins, nearly the same number of corn-mills, 500 hogs, 100 tons of fodder, and 700,000 bushels of corn."

In Louisiana, Gen. Banks appears to be feeling his way north in the country on both sides of the Mississippi river—the enemy occupying the space between him and Gen. Grant's forces.

From Tennessee we have accounts of movements ordered by Rosecrans, but nothing of a very important character. The coming two or three months, however, will doubtless witness some of the most important movements of the war.

Our Sewing Machine Offer.

It is somewhat amusing, though decidedly provoking, to see how the very liberality of our Sewing Machine offer stands in its way. Thus a letter now before us, from one who is entitled to a machine, says:—

"The Croakers have predicted that it is a 'mere catch,' and that Mrs. D—— will not get what she expects."

Now if Mrs. D—— expects, as we have no doubt she does, exactly what we have promised,—one of Wheeler & Wilson's number 3 machines, such as are sold in New York and Philadelphia for Forty-Five dollars—she will not be the least disappointed. We would ask these faithless "croakers" what good a "mere catch" would do a paper like THE POST, which has maintained a reputation for integrity and fair-dealing during its not very brief existence of nearly *forty-two* years? Would not a "mere catch" recoil upon the paper itself?

Wheeler & Wilson's machines have, to say the least, a reputation not surpassed by any other sewing machines in the country. Their forty-five dollar machine, so far as the machinery is concerned, is probably just as good *for use* as any other. Those who wish, however, instead of a plain table, a handsome case, made of rosewood, with the machinery silver plated, have to pay a proportionately higher price. We simply profess to give a plain-looking but excellent machine, which our readers would not be able to purchase under forty-five dollars, and which we have every reason to believe will give entire satisfaction. Perhaps the best plan that any doubter could adopt, would be to write to Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, New York, and inquire of them whether the machines that are furnished are the genuine article or not. Certainly that might be expected to convince the wisest and most obstinate of skeptical "croakers."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ON LIBERTY. By JOHN STUART MILL. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

We welcome this excellent American reprint of the latest, and in some respects, the most remarkable work of its distinguished author; equally remarkable as we consider the breadth of its views, the closeness and clearness of its reasoning, or the utility of the views presented and advocated. No word is more frequent on the lips of men than that of Liberty, and none has a more potent spell to call up armies of heroes and martyrs to struggle and suffer in its defence. Yet the thing so loved and desired is to many even of its ardent advocates a thing vague and undefined, unlimited by proper intellectual knowledge. That oppression should fight and suffer and die for the "sacred liberty" of infringing upon the rights of others in their own will and manner is by no means an unprecedented case, and needs no pointing by any present instance. In the midst of the chaos of popular opinion on this subject Mr. Mill addresses himself to defining and proving the different branches of human rights the proper conservation of which constitutes true liberty.

The struggle between Liberty and authority which forms the most conspicuous feature in most history with which we are familiar, was in ancient times a struggle between subjects and their political rulers, to preserve the first from the tyranny of the last, either by some sort of guarantees, or later, by constitutional checks; a natural antagonism being pre-supposed between the interests of the governing power and the people governed. In the course of time, however, the new idea arose that such antagonism could be avoided by making the rulers the tenants or delegates of the people themselves, so that their interest and will should be the interest and will of the nation; and to this point the efforts of the party of Liberty were thenceforth directed, leaving in abeyance the question of any limitation of the governing power, such limitation being apparently unneeded where the ruling force was in effect but the nation's own power concentrated, and in a form convenient for exercise. The subsequent consolidation of this theory into a

fact revealed, however, that "the power of the people over themselves" meant really the power of the most numerous or most active part of the people over the other part and that the tyranny of the majority was a possibility to be guarded against by the friends of liberty equally with any other tyranny, and it may be still more difficult to grapple with. It is evident, moreover, that when society is itself the ruler, its power is extended beyond that of the acts of the public authorities, and that protection against the tyranny of prevailing opinions and feelings is no less needed than if such opinions were enforced by legal penalties. That a certain degree of such sociotary restraint is necessary is not to be denied, but the limits of its proper action need to be much more clearly defined than they are at present, when the practical principle that guides most people in their desire to regulate human conduct is that everybody should be required to act as they, and those who sympathize with them, think they ought to act.

In his task of defining and limiting the true province of the power of public opinion, Mr. Mill commences with the axiom that the sole purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. The part of his conduct which affects society is that alone over which society can rightfully claim jurisdiction; over what concerns himself merely—himself directly, that is, since secondary effects are inevitable—he is absolute and independent sovereign; and this is the appropriate domain of human liberty, comprising, first, liberty of conscience, of thought and feeling, opinion and sentiment, and of expressing and publishing such opinions; secondly, liberty of framing the life of the individual to his own taste, subject to such necessary consequences as may follow without hindrance, so long as such life does not directly interfere with the rights of others; thirdly, the liberty of combination among individuals, subject only to the same conditions. Into these three heads or branches Mr. Mill divides his treatise, discussing each, meeting the counter-arguments that rise in the reader's mind, and reducing his theories to their practical results in a manner equally clear and exhaustive.

The Liberty of Thought and Discussion is particularly dwelt upon, since under this head are to be met those arguments of theological intolerance which take the deepest hold on the popular mind. In regard to the disposition of society to interfere with unpopular opinions, and the endeavor to suppress their expression by penalties legal or otherwise, he holds that the consequences of such suppression are still more injurious to the public itself than to the individuals whose liberty is thus infringed upon. The subject is considered under two suppositions: first, the unpopular opinion may be right, in which case society deprives itself of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; and secondly, if it be wrong, the loss will be almost as great in missing the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error.

The argument upon the first hypothesis proceeds upon the ground that all attempt to suppress opinion is an assumption of infallibility on the part of those so attempting; and that such infallibility is impossible to man; that ages are no more infallible than individuals, every age having held opinions which those subsequent have pronounced not only false but absurd; that the martyrs to intolerance in one generation are made the apostles of intolerance in succeeding times.

Hazardous task as we feel it to venture any criticism of Mr. Mill's arguments, we may in this place remark that incontestible as are his conclusions, some exception may be taken to the reasoning by which he sustains them. Strictly intellectual proof of any belief, religious or otherwise, is the only evidence to which he would even allow a hearing. Perceptions, intuitions, all that lie above and beyond the province of the rational are ignored; yet it is by these alone that absolute certainty is often attained upon subjects apparently incapable of rational proof. In regard, for instance, to the existence of spiritual life independent of the natural, and to influx derived thence. Let any one have really felt and known this inflow of spiritual life into the soul from a Source beyond itself, and the communication becomes no longer a thesis to be argued upon, but a fact to be experienced. It is as if a conclave of blind men should call upon one possessing light to prove the existence of the sense he claimed to have.

This objection to Mr. Mill's style of reasoning in no way interferes with his conclusion, which rests still more strongly upon the second hypothesis, that, assuming all generally received opinions to be true, dissent should still be tolerated, and even invited, since thus alone can doctrines be fully adopted and assimilated to the mind, and converted from superstitions accidentally cast in the form of truth to truth itself.

Between these two extremes of truth and error, moreover, lies the great border-land of half-truths, which our author thus indicates and describes:

"Popular opinions, on subjects not palpable to sense, are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth. They are a part of the truth; sometimes a greater, sometimes a smaller part, but exaggerated, distorted, and disjoined from the truths by which they ought to be accompanied and limited. Heretical opinions, on the other hand, are generally some of these suppressed and neglected truths, bursting the bonds which kept them down, and either seeking reconciliation with the truth contained in the common opinion, or fronting it as enemies, and setting themselves up, with similar exclusiveness, as the whole truth. Hence, even in revolutions of opinion, one part of the truth usually sets while another rises. Even progress, which ought to supersede, for the most part only substitutes one partial and incomplete truth for another; improvement consisting chiefly in this, that the new fragment of truth is more wanted, more adapted to the needs of the time than that which it displaces."

The remaining arguments of the treatise, and the admirable practical applications with which it concludes we will leave to our readers to find for their own pleasure and advantage in the book itself, contenting ourselves with thus merely indicating the aim and scope of the work, and a few of its principal arguments.

Some may, in reading this work, be shocked by the heretical views of the author on religious subjects which are suffered to appear, but such should remind themselves that it is to that very religious sentiment lurking in their hearts that the book directs its appeal in favor of true and absolute human liberty.

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. D. B.

II.

By the elevation of Ladislaus Jagellon to the throne of Poland, the nobility had established the principle that in their persons rested the elective power of the monarchy. In order, however, to add some appearance of hereditary right, Hedwiga, the daughter of the late King, was compelled to espouse the Lithuanian Prince; notwithstanding her attachment to William of Austria; her happiness being a matter of indifference when compared with the wishes of the Polish aristocracy. William returned to his native land; and the personal attractions of her husband soon weaned the inconstant Hedwiga from her early love.

The two provinces of Poland and Lithuania were now nominally united, but we can discover few evidences of a genuine coalescence either in affairs of state or of religion. The inhabitants of Lithuania adhered firmly to their ancient superstitions, and their worship of the god of thunder; and the controversies of the missionaries of the Greek and Latin churches retarded the spread of Christianity. Differing in language and habits the two nations were never truly coalesced until the presence of a common enemy and the fear of a common danger effected that which prejudice had so long prevented; but even this concordance was but temporary, and the jealousies of the Poles and Lithuanians have been utilized by their unprincipled neighbors to hasten the destruction of their nationality.

A detailed account of the events of the reigns of the seven Kings of the Jagellon line, from Ladislaus I., who ascended the throne in 1386, to Sigismund Augustus who died in 1573, would be monotonous, and inconsonant with the design of these sketches, and, therefore, the writer need but glance at their deeds, pausing at those of the most illustrous or unfortunate, and pass to a review of the political situation at the extinction of this dynasty.

On the death of Ladislaus, who had during a reign of forty-nine years legislated, preached, and campaigned with activity and ability, his sceptre was placed in the hands of his widow, until his son, Ladislaus II., should arrive at mature years. Scarcely had the young monarch seated himself on his throne, when he was called to lead his armies against the terrible Turk Amurath, who, with a large force, had crossed the Hellespont, laid waste Transylvania, and invaded Hungary. Fortune smiled upon Ladislaus, and Amurath retired after a fierce engagement, in which he lost thirty thousand of the flower of his army. Grateful Hungary placed her crown on the victor's brow, and the Turk was glad to obtain a treaty of peace from the champion of Christendom. But the inexperienced youth, flushed with his recent success, and deeming glory preferable to honor, violated his solemn engagements, and fortified with the absolution of the Pope, sought fresh laurels in a second campaign against the Ottoman government. The Turkish general, chagrined at his former discomfiture, gladly seized the opportunity to retrieve his reputation, and on the field of Varna totally routed the Polish army. Ladislaus, infuriated by his defeat, fought with the energy of despair, and met a glorious death in the midst of the carnage. Thus in his twenty-first year perished the second of the Jagellons, a victim to his own ambition and perfidy. Nine years after this event, Mahomet II. entered the city of Constantinople in triumph, whilst the last of the Palæologi in a heroic death maintained the dignity of the imperial purple. Had the field of Varna proved disastrous to the Turks, the fall of the Eastern Empire might have been delayed, and Europe, if it had been aroused to meet the danger which threatened it, might have forever annihilated the Ottoman power, or at least confined it to Asia.

In the reign of Casimir IV., the brother of Ladislaus II., who ascended the throne in 1444, the Teutonic knights were defeated and humbled, literature and science encouraged, and important changes made in the Constitution of the state.

The University of Cracow which Casimir III. had founded on the model of that of Paris, had become the centre of Polish refinement and literature, and had acquired a reputation equal to that of any similar institution in Europe. Here Gregory of Sanok, "the Polish Bacon," inveighed against the barbarous jargon and obscure doctrines of the scholastic philosophy, and sought to arrive at truth by a more direct and lucid reasoning. The same spirit which actuated him to cast away the fetters of the Aristotelian schools, enabled him to appreciate the beauties of the classic authors, and in the verses of Virgil he took a peculiar delight. Nor was Poland destitute of historians to record the deeds of her sons, or poets to sing the romantic legends which the strict page of history discards. Kromer, the son of a peasant, afterwards Bishop of Warmia, well merited the title of the Livy of Poland; and Janicki, another low born Pole, received from the hands of Clement VII. the laurel wreath as a just reward for his Latin poems. The Polish idiom also received attention, and was written and spoken with ease and elegance. The introduction of the art of printing advanced rapidly the cause of letters, and the press, unhampered by a censorship, poured forth its annual flood of volumes on subjects of all kinds, and adapted to all opinions. Whilst in the greater part of the world fierce religious contentions and cruel persecutions violated the rights of man and insulted the law of God, in Poland, Catholics, Greeks, Arians, Reformers, Armenians, and Mussulmans worshipped side by side, each according to the dictates of his own conscience.

The diets of Poland had been originally mere popular assemblages; from which, in course of time, the lower classes were excluded, and the sole legislative power retained by the nobility, who congregated *en masse* in the plain of Volo, within sight of the city of Warsaw, and, amidst the waving of banners, the chanting of war songs, the tumult of deadly conflicts, and the neighing of an hundred thousand horses, decided the affairs of the nation. Rivalling in magnificence the califs of the east, each of this vast multitude claimed a negative voice on the wishes of coadjutors, and this privilege, called the *liberum veto*, has been not a little prejudicial to the welfare of the Polish nation. The theory of an absolute unanimity in any deliberative body, except a jury, is nonsensical, and its practical effect is to enable a factious minority to nullify the measures agreed upon by the majority, and thus to clog the wheels of state. The Poles, themselves, though they tenaciously clung to this usage, were aware of its evil consequences, and followed with execrations him who dared to use this dangerous right. The assassination of the stubborn member was the speedy and usual method of rendering the diet unanimous.

In the description of these diets, Ruthliere, Salvandy, and Allison, have called forth all their illustrative powers, and have dwelt with enthusiasm on the magnificence of the costumes of the nobility, the beauty of their chargers, and their gay pavillions; the spacious porticoes, and the mimic silken castles, which transformed the plain of Volo into a representation of the regions of Eastern romance; whilst they have not neglected the glittering spires of Warsaw, the dazzling whiteness of the summits of the surrounding mountains, and the beauty of the Visfula which glided serenely past the turbulent assemblage. In their pages the curious reader may find vivid portraitures of those strange spectacles, which at once were the evidences of the splendor and the misery of Poland.

The inconvenience and demoralizing effect of these diets soon became patent, and in 1467 a representative system was adopted, into which dangerous abuses soon ibinuated themselves. The number of delegates was left undetermined, and their accountability to their constituents would have prevented any free legislation, even if the *liberum veto* had not been gnawing at the vitals of the body politic. The nobility tolerated the new method without yielding their own rights to be heard in the diet, or to assemble as heretofore in the plain of Volo. Indeed, their arrogance was reaching its acme, for not long since they had wrested from the king the right of declaring war; and other concessions which they obtained as the price of subsidies fast destroyed the meagre royal prerogative.

In the reign of John Albert, a foolish prince, who rashly undertook to restore the crown to its former position and to fortify it against further encroachments, the aristocracy obtained the supreme control of the affairs of state, and by the act prohibiting the lower classes from becoming proprietors of the soil or the recipients of ecclesiastical benefices, they effectually checked their ambition. Alexander and Sigismund I. enjoyed the regal attendation without its authority; and the latter prince had to contend against the assaults of foreign foes, the treachery of his wife, and the open rebellion of his subjects.

Sigismund Augustus, the last of the House of Jagellon, on his accession to the throne, evinced a firmness of character and a constancy of affection which augured a glorious, if not a happy, reign. He had, previous to his father's death, secretly married Barbara Redzivil, the daughter of a Lithuanian count, and not all the murmurs of the Polish nobility, nor the specious arguments of the bishops, supported by texts of Scripture and quotations from Euripides, could induce him to abandon the wife of his choice. His death, which occurred soon after, removed his subjects' cause of complaint, and the monarch thenceforward devoted his energies to the national affairs. A war with Russia led to the annexation of Livonia, and the more perfect union of Lithuania, whose representatives from that time obtained a seat in the diet at Warsaw. The reformation which had swept over Germany penetrated the forests of Poland, and in its free soil took fast root, though not to such an extent as to subvert the ancient forms of worship. The University of Cracow maintained its former reputation, and among its many students we find the name of Copernicus, whose theory of the universe is consonant to reason, and capable of the most convincing demonstration, although much opposed during his lifetime.

As Sigismund was childless, considerable anxiety prevailed as to his successor. The nobility, however, soon relieved the suspense of the nation by extorting from the monarch the following conditions which under the name of the *Pacta conventa* served as the pillars of the Polish Republic.

1. That the crown should be elective, and that the king should never appoint a successor during his life time.

2. That general diets (e. g. of the nobility at Volo) should be assembled every two years.

3. That every nobleman of Poland should have the right of voting at the election of a king.

4. That if the king shall presume to infringe the laws, and to disavow the privileges of the nation, the subjects shall be absolved from their oath of allegiance.

In considering the above articles we naturally recur to a similar compact entered into between King John of England, and the Barons of his realm. And while, between the two there are striking points of resemblance, there are many radical differences, not only in the subject matter of the documents, but also in the motives which actuated their authors. In both cases an aristocracy demanded and obtained from a monarch certain important concessions; but in the one case the rights of the populace were ignored, in the other they were carefully provided for. The Baron of England obtained guarantees for his tenantry similar to those he demanded for himself; the noble of Poland by increasing his own authority rivetted more strongly the fetters of his dependants. In the matter of religion alone did the latter aristocrat exhibit any evidences of a far-sighted policy; and toleration was the chief virtue of the Polish constitution. Adding the sanction of a coronation oath to the subscription of this contract, the equestrian order exulted in their triumph over the royal dignity.

Will would it have been for Poland if at this momentous period in her history she had possessed a populace bold enough to assert their rights to an equal voice in the administration of a republic, or if a despot able to quell the aristocracy, had been seated on her throne. Then she would have been spared the horrors of anarchy, and the obliteration of her nationality.

The true strength of a nation lies in its middle classes, which are the bone and sinew of the body politic; from thence are the revenues realized, and from their midst spring, at the moment of danger, armies actuated by the purest of motives, susceptible of the highest discipline, and capable of the greatest achievements. It was a fatal error in the aristocracy of Poland to throw the rest of the nation into obscurity, and the misery of their country has been the consequence. Compare her history with that of England, where the noble and commercial classes have fought side by side to obtain and preserve those rights to which they were justly entitled, and where national prosperity and naval supremacy have attested the utility of a system of government so constituted as to enlist the sympathy and command the support of all orders of society.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE THINGS.

Hearts good and true have wishes few,
In narrow circles bounded;
And hope that lives on what God gives
Is Christian hope well founded.
Small things are best; grief and unrest
To rank and wealth are given,
But little things, on little wings,
Bear humble souls to heaven!

☞ Wetherbee, who "drives the Harlem stage," is a great wag. "There's a young woman lying in that 'ere house yonder," said he to us, as we were riding on the outside with him last summer, "there's a young woman been a lyin' there near about a month, and they haven't buried her yet!" "Why not?" we innocently inquired.—"'Cause she ain't dead!" quietly remarked Mr. Wetherbee, and then he tickled the ear of the nigh leader slightly with his whip.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH STAR.—West-Virginia, by the President's proclamation, is to take her place as a state in the Union in sixty days from the date of that paper, that is to say, on the 19th day of June next. Thus we have added the thirty-fifth star to the old flag.

☞ MOUNTAINS NEVER SHAKE HANDS.—Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up; but at length they part company, and rise into individual, insulated peaks. So it is with great men. As mountains mostly run in chains and clusters, crossing the plain at wider or narrower intervals, in like manner there are epochs in history when great men appear in clusters also. At first, too, they grow up together, seeming to be animated by the same spirit, to have the same desires and antipathies, the same purposes and ends. But after awhile the genius of each begins to know itself, and to follow its own bent; they separate and diverge more and more; and those who, when young, were working in concert, stand alone in their old age.

☞ There is an Irishman employed as a bridge-hand out West, on the Central Railroad, who brags of having a timepiece that keeps correct time. He was heard in remark a few mornings since, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minute and a half, he'll be late."

☞ The more consciousness in our words and thoughts, and the less in our impulses and general actions, the better and more healthful the state of both head and heart.

☞ Anna Carter Lee, the daughter and only child of Gen. Lee, of the rebel army, died recently at Jones' Spa., N. C., an outcast from her home because she remained true to the flag under which her ancestors had won their laurels, and true to the Government that had always treated her father as a parent treats a favorite child.

☞ HIGH BLOOD.—High blood, like the finest wine, may be kept so long that it shall entirely lose its flavor—hence the last man of an old family may be like the last bottle of a famous vintage—a thing to be talked of.

☞ A SUICIDE.—There is talk of passing laws by which suicide by poison will become much more difficult of execution than formerly. Mr. Algernon Jones says nothing shall stop him from killing himself when ever he wants to. If he can find no other way, he will eat bits of sponge and drink water till he bursts.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

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Author of "THE EARL'S HEIR," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

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LATEST NEWS.

ACTIVE OPERATIONS OF GEN. BANKS.

NEW YORK, April 24.—The steamer Fulton, from New Orleans via Key West, arrived here at noon to-day.

The New Orleans *Era*, of the 19th, gives an account of late military movements.

On the morning of the 17th, Gen. Banks had reached Vermillionville, where he had a fight at Vermillion Bayou, where the rebels had posted batteries and infantry, but were driven from their position after hard fighting, with considerable loss on both sides.

A letter in the *Era*, dated in the field above New Iberia, April 18th, states that Col. Kimball, with the Fifty-third Massachusetts regiment, entered the rebel works at Bethel Place on the morning of the 14th, planting our flag on the ramparts. Col. Holbrook's Division followed, occupying by the whole line. The rebels left numbers of their dead unburied. Large stores of ammunition, some Enfield rifles and other arms were captured.

Our army then marched through Pattersonville, skirmishing continuously, and reached Franklin on the 16th.

Prior to Thursday night some five hundred prisoners had been sent into Brashear, the captures of whole companies of rebels being made at a time. At Franklin the steamboat Corinne was captured, with three officers of the late gunboat Diana on board, thus restoring them to our service. The rebels also destroyed ten steamboats, to prevent their falling into Gen. Banks' hands, and also two large gunboats and the Diana. Included in the destruction of these boats were immense stores of provisions, several thousand pounds of bacon, and a thousand cases of ammunition. It was expected that Gen. Banks would capture Opelousas on the 18th, and occupy.

The expedition of Gen. Grover had been eminently successful, and in a battle with the rebels at Irish Bend, the 19th Connecticut charged the rebel line and batteries, supported by the 26th Maine, 30th Conn., 19th Maine, and 91st N. Y., and defeated them, leaving a silk flag and other trophies in our hands. The rebel force consisted of 2 regiments of Texans, and 3 batteries, including the famous Pelican and Sims's batteries.

The whole rebel force at Bethel Place and Irish Bend numbered some one thousand, posted in a highly advantageous position, under command of Gen. Dick Taylor, a son of the late Zachary Taylor.

Important captures of horses, mules and beef cattle, to the number of over a thousand, were made. The celebrated salt mine or salt rock was captured, and the rebel works destroyed.

Our fleet has reduced rebel fortifications at Bute La Rose—an important point. The prospects are that the rebels will be driven out of Opelousas county, or all captured.

Miscellaneous.

The rebels made an attack upon our forces at Cape Girardeau on the 25th.—Gen. McNeil commanded the Union troops. The rebels under Burbridge and Marmaduke, were badly whipped, and at last accounts were in full retreat.

Richmond papers of the 23d say that 40,000 Federal troops had been landed at Eastport, eight miles from Iuka. Cavalry are also reported advancing upon Pontotoc. A movement is also said to be in process of execution from Corinth on Holly Springs.

The pilot of the Keokuk, it is said, passed through Philadelphia under arrest. He ran the Keokuk on shore near Morris Island in order that the rebels might capture her. He is said to be the same person who piloted Mason and Slidell out through the blockade. His true character seems to have been unknown until after the Keokuk was run ashore. That vessel was in no danger of sinking.

☞ In water, sound passes at the rate of 8,508 feet per second. In air 1,142 feet per second.

☞ Here is what we consider a manifest improvement on the old story of the "friend in need":—

A friend in need's, a friend indeed,
And this I've found most true;
But mine is such a *needy* friend,
He sticks to me like glue.

☞ A SHAMEFUL REMARK.—We are acquainted with "a monster in human form," who says that the only time a woman doesn't exaggerate is when she's talking of her own age.

☞ MEANNESS.—Some one remarked of a very mean man, that his soul was capable of such infinitesimal meanness that he would have as much "play" in a soap-bubble as an oyster in the Bay of Fundy!

☞ Never make up a "poor mouth," for if you are wise you will always effect independence though you may be really as poor as Job's turkey. If you are poor, don't let folks know it, or they will discover in you a thousand blemishes—a host of defects which would never be discovered, or at least never talked about if you kept a stiff upper lip and carried yourself as if you had ten thousand dollars instead of but ten cents, at your command. It is as natural for the world to hold poor folks in contempt, as it is for rats to steal cheese.

☞ Slidell has had the impudence to deny, in the London Times, that Jeff. Davis took the lead on the Mississippi repudiation question. The sly old fox innocently suggests that Jeff's name has been confounded with Reuben Davis.

☞ The editor of the Worcester Spy has had the high felicity of tasting a bit of the Prince of Wales' wedding cake sent home by our consul at Dublin. He says it is very rich, but after all, it is no better than honest Yankee wedding cake.

☞ When the Prince of Wales ascends the throne of England his title will be Edward VII.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer says the rebels, by general consent, have abandoned the stars and bars as the Confederate flag. Let them go back to the rattlesnake flag, by all means.

THE EAST AND THE WEST.

This poem was written by Theodore Winthrop, seven years ago, and after his death was found among his unpublished papers:

We of the East spread our sails to the sea,
You of the West circle over the land;
Both are to sanitize the hopes of the Free,
As the sower sheds golden grain from his hand.

'Tis ours to circle the stormy bends
Of a continent, yours its ridge to cross;
We must double the capes where a long world ends,
Lone cliffs where two limitless oceans toss.

They meet and are baffled 'mid tempest and wrath,
Breezes are shrimishing, angry winds roar,
While pained on some desperate plunge of our path
We count up the blackening wrecks on the shore.

And you through dreary and thirsty ways,
Where rivers are sands and winds are dust,
Through sultry nights and feverish days,
Move westward still as the sunset must:

Where the scorched air quivers along the slopes,
Where the slow-footed cattle lie down and die,
Where horizons draw backward till baffled hopes
Are weary of measureless waste and sky.

Yes, ours to battle relentless gales,
And yours the brave and the patient way;
But we hold the storms in our trusty sails,
And for you the life giving fountains play.

There are stars above us, and stars for you—
Rest on the path, calm on the main:
Storms are but zephyrs, when hearts are true:
We are no weaklings, quick to complain,

When lightnings flash bivouac-fires into gloom,
And with crushing of forests the rains sheet down—
Or when ships plunge onward where night clouds loom,
Defiant of darkness and meeting its frown.

These are the days of motion and march;
Now we are ardent, and young, and brave:
Let them that come after us build the arch
Of our triumph, and plant with the laurel our grave.

Time enough to rear temples when heroes are dead—
Time enough to sing pæans after the fight;
Prophets urge onward the future's tread;
We—we are to kindle its beacon light.

Our sires lit torches of quenchless flame
To illumine our darkness, if night should be;
But day is a friend to our standards, and shame
Be ours, if we win not a victory!

Man is nobler than men have been—
Souls are vaster than souls have dreamed;
There are broader oceans than eyes have seen,
Noons more glowing than yet have beamed.

Creeping shadows cower low on our land;
These shall not dim our grander day;
Stainless knights must be those who stand
Full in the van of a world's array!

When shall we cease our meagre distrust?
When to each other our true hearts yield?
To make this world an Eden, we must
Fling away each weapon and shield,

And meet each man as a friend and mate,
Trample and spurn and forget our pride,
Glad to accept an equal fate,
Laboring, conquering side by side.

—Atlantic Monthly for April.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

I.

Mr. Brittles was a clerk in a Government-office, and a happy man before he went to Boulogne-sur-Mer. He was a happy man afterwards; but that was when he came back. It is a certain passage in his life while he stayed there that I purpose to narrate.

The career of Mr. Brittles in this country had not been of that chequered or variegated kind which looks effective in a picture, or is it all suitable for the purpose of romance. He was placed in the public service at the usual age and through the usual interest. That is to say, he was too old to have anything more done for him in the way of education, and not old enough to do anything for himself in the way of a profession; and his family in the country had always voted for a certain borough member, who made up for never having asked for anything for himself by asking for everything he could hear of for other people. There was a tide in the affairs of Brittles which, taken at the flood, seemed very likely to lead to a comfortable maintenance. Brittles took it at the flood, or rather his friends did for him, by grasping at the opportunity which presented itself; and Brittles, having seized the appointment by the throat, held on to it like grim death, determined that it should never escape through act of his. His best friend, who would of course have been best privileged to insult him, could not have said that he ever exceeded the covenanted ten o'clock in arriving at his office; and his worst enemy, who was probably his most fascinating companion, could not have persuaded him to leave before the covenanted four. His private habits were fortunately favorable to the fulfillment of his public duties. He never stayed out late at night, and was therefore spared the torture which too often attends getting up early in the morning. His condition was very different, therefore, from that of the majority of his brother clerks, of whom that agreeable fellow Jack Ransack might be accepted as a sample. Jack said:

"I go to bed with reluctance, and I get up with disgust."

A most unfortunate state of things, it must be admitted, where both processes have to be performed once in every twenty-four hours. For Brittles the parting extinguisher had no pangs, the rousing hot-water no terrors. He was a person of regular habits, in fact, and he would have been a brute had he been otherwise; for he was a married man.

A married man! then the happiness of Brittles is quite accounted for. Well, I don't mean that exactly; but he chanced to be fortunate in his marriage, which comes to the same thing. He had been particularly fortunate indeed; for he had run away with his wife—before she was his wife, of course—and people who run away with their wives usually run away *from* them afterwards. But Brittles didn't. He preferred staying with her. It was selfish of him, perhaps, to indulge the inclination; and a great many men, it must be admitted, are more self-denying. But let that pass. He was very fond of her; and well he might be;—for the man who would not have been fond of Mrs. Brittles—I mean, of course, if she had not been Mrs. Brittles—would deserve to be flirted to death by elderly spinsters.

But it is all very well to say Mrs. Brittles was a lovesable person. I must prove my case.

She was very pretty, to begin with. She had rather dark eyes and rather light hair, which I always think an agreeable combination; features generally such as a fairy would be congratulated upon, and the neatest and compactest little figure you can conceive. She was not one of your "fine" women, who look as if they had been cut out with a pair of scissors. Nature had evidently taken great pains with her, had cast her in one of the most graceful moulds at the old dame's disposal, and she had turned out remarkably well. The only depreciatory criticism I ever heard with regard to her, was the remark of a female friend that she looked like a wax-doll, which, coming from a lady who looked like a Dutch one, was a dangerous suggestion perhaps; but the observation was not altogether pointless, and I never looked at Mrs. Brittles afterwards without thinking how unbecoming it would be were her coiffure torn off and stuck on the wrong way with pins, her eyes pushed into the interior of her head, and the enamel just a little worn off the tip of her nose. The husband of the critical lady, by-the-way, denied the insinuation, and said that Mrs. Brittles was like a little Dresden china ornament, which you would like to put upon your mantel-piece, only you would always be wanting to take it down.

But I have not done. Of all these attractions you could get an idea from her *carte de visite;* but for the main charm you must go direct to the original. This was the mind, or the soul, or whatever you choose to call it, interpreted by what is known as "the manner" and the voice. These were both delightful, and therefore beyond description, except, perhaps, so far as the remark that the general effect always reminded me of a bird on a bough.

After paying all this attention to his wife, I ought to do something in the way of personal description for Brittles. But really there is very little to describe. I can go back to his virtues, however, if that will do. Was it not Thucydides who said that the best woman was the woman of whom you heard least—or "words to that effect," as they say at Courts Martial? The remark is true only as applied to one kind of women, and it is equally applicable to the same kind of men. Brittles, then, might be said to hold a very high place among the certain kind of men who are like the certain kind of women. I have already attested to the regularity of his habits. I need only add, that his religious and moral character was in strict correspondence. His orthodoxy was never known to get into bad company, or to indulge in stimulants of a deranging character. In social manners he was equally blameless. Mrs. Brittles would have trusted him with twenty latch-keys, because he never had occasion for one; and would allow him to flirt as much as he liked, because she knew he never dreamt of flirting at all. His conscience, in fact, was governed with that punctuality which is perhaps the best machinery of perfection. His religious and moral duties had office-hours, like those of his Government appointment; and the latter occupying him from ten till four, he gave from four till ten to the former. In the one case or in the other he had never known the anguish of the fatal reflection "too late." Imagine "the blameless" King Arthur employed in the Inland Revenue, and you will have a fair idea of Brittles. For the rest, it may interest you to know that he was by no means an uninteresting companion, being quick and ingenious, and passably well read; that he had an agreeable appearance, cultivated the manly whisker, was always well dressed (his dressing, perhaps, was a little better than his reading); and that he did not part his hair down the middle, or smoke cigars on his way to office.

II.

Brittles, as I have said, was a happy man before he went to Boulogne-sur-Mer; and I think I have shown tolerably good grounds why he ought to have been. It is a pity, perhaps, that he went to Boulogne; but how was he to know what was going to happen? If he had had an inkling of it, he would have gone to the Margate of his early associations, or the Brighton of his later habits. But neither of the pair being in the confidence of destiny, they went to Boulogne like lambs to the slaughter.

The move was rather an unexpected one, as Brittles had not been sure about his leave. But their preparations for departure took no time worth mentioning; for the pair had not the smallest scrap of family to pack up, and the rest of the luggage of course gave no trouble. The absence of a family, by the way, is differently appreciated by different persons. The Brittleses liked it; and it being their business more than any body else's, I see no reason to dispute their view of the matter. This, at any rate, must be said in favor of the omission,—it greatly facilitates an expedition to Boulogne.

There are several ways of going to Boulogne. Jack Ransack, when Brittles consulted him on the subject, said the best way was not to get intoxicated before he got to Folkestone. As there was no chance of that event happening at any period of his tour, the information was not so valuable to Brittles as it would otherwise have been. But the advice suggested a route, after all; and Brittles took it, and *via* Folkestone they went.

The railway journey was soon accomplished, and the embarkation gave no more trouble than usual. The baggage was all booked, and there was no occasion to look after that. Brittles carried his wife's dressing-bag in his hand (it was the first, I believe, of those blessed inventions that crossed the Channel, and the French authorities were so enchanted with the neatness of the contrivance, that they could scarcely be persuaded to give it up); the remainder of the movables of which they had charge consisted of a railway-rug and black-and-tan terrier.

I forgot to mention the black-and-tan terrier before. It was this dog which was the cause of all the mischief that followed. I have described the Brittleses as perfectly happy; I should have mentioned that the dog was the sole drawback. He was the one cloud (he was really not much bigger than a man's hand) which hung over their existence. I cannot say that he was exactly a skeleton in their cupboard, but he was certainly a fly in their soup, a shake to their port, and something more than a crumpled rose-leaf to their repose. Of course there was no occasion to keep the dog if they didn't like him. The difficulty was, that one liked him, and the other didn't. Mrs. Brittles liked him because he was a pretty little fellow, and very fond of her; Brittles didn't like him because he was always getting lost and costing five and ten pounds to be found again, and because, giving all his affection to his mistress, he had none left for his master, towards whom he conducted himself in a manner that was snappish, to say the least of it.

It was just as the Brittleses were getting on board the boat that an awful discovery was made. The dressing-bag was quite safe; so was the railway-rug; but the dog had been left behind.

It was Madame, of course, who made this discovery.

"Good gracious, Charles!" was her exclamation, "where is Tiney?"

She had made an attempt to take him into the carriage; but the guard had been inexorable, and insisted upon his going into the van. Not having been claimed upon arrival, he had somehow been left behind.

The boat was upon the point of starting, and there being no time to lose, Brittles and his wife occupied the period, I am sorry to say, in a difference of opinion as to the relative advantages of leaving the dog or losing the passage. They would probably have incurred the former misfortune but for an unexpected incident.

Among the passengers on board was a French sous lieutenant. He was a fine-looking man, with a small waist and a large epaulette, no hair on his head to speak of, and more on his upper lip than he could conveniently speak through. He had been observing the pair for some time, with particular reference to the lady—being, no doubt, an admirer of the Dresden school of beauty; so while they were discussing what was to be done, he very good-naturedly went and did it. Neither of them having seen him when he came, neither of them missed him when he went; but when he appeared with the dog in his arms Mrs. Brittles was almost throwing herself into the place of the dog, so enchanted was she at her deliverance from despair, so grateful was she to her deliverer.

The result, however, was nothing more serious than the three swearing eternal friendship on the spot; neither in very grammatical terms, for each was speaking in a foreign language not acquired to perfection. But eternal friendship is a thing not to be trifled with, and will assert itself under any difficulties. So when the boat reached Boulogne Harbor, the trio were on the most intimate terms.

III.

A fortnight passed away, as fortnights will. Brittle's leave was half out; but the enjoyment both of himself and his wife seemed without end. It was shared, too, by the sous-lieutenant, M. de Beauregard, who turned out to belong to the distinguished Morman family of that name; who, however, was not rich, for *quand il quitte sa Normandie* he had nothing at all, and now he had next to nothing—that is to say, nothing but his pay. However, the Brittleses were not expensive associates—as nobody need be if you make them pay for everything you have together; and Brittles being the married man, the post of pecuniary honor always fell to him. De Beauregard became a constant guest at his house; accompanied the pair in all their walks and drives; and if Brittles ever happened to be seduced into the Cafe Vermond in the afternoon by a London friend, the gallant young officer even gave Mrs. Brittles his escort upon the pier in the absence of her lord and master.

Nothing could be more charming than such an arrangement. Brittles liked it; Mrs. Brittles liked it; M. de Beauregard liked it particularly. Brittles was always fond of the society of his wife, and never actually wanted a third person; but he thought that the conversation of De Beauregard brought her out even more than his own. At any rate, it was an assistance, and gave increased liveliness to himself. He got used to the young officer, too, and liked him for his own sake; and the intercourse, even in a fortnight, he found had greatly improved his billiards and his French. For De Beauregard would go to the Cafe Vermond himself sometimes, and both in cannons and absinthe played no undistinguished part.

As for Mrs. Brittles, she thought the young officer a very agreeable person, fancied he "brought out" both herself and her husband in conversation,—which was the least he could do, by the way, since they brought him home so often,—and she was pleased with the fluency which she was fast gaining in the French language, in which she had not been previously "finished," owing to her sudden departure from school, which had been accomplished in the dusk of the evening and a post-chaise, and accompanied, besides Brittles, with the surreptitious *enlevement* of her own spoon and fork. But this, she declared, was all she thought of the sous-lieutenant; and if anybody had hinted that she was flirting with him, she would have laughed with derision.

Whether the sous-lieutenant thought she was flirting, or that *he* was, I cannot say, not being in the confidence of that gentleman; but I am led to believe, from subsequent events, that he might have had some suspicion of the kind.

IV.

The fortnight passed, as I have said. Another week followed its example. The first few days at a new place always seem to go very slowly; the remainder of the period glides by with remarkable swiftness, as if time reserved the trot for the avenue, like the Irish post-boys. The third week there was less novelty in the way of recreation,—in fact, none at all; and when people have nothing else to do, they never fail to think of anything unpleasant that circumstances may suggest.

So it was that Brittles began to be less charmed than at first with the society of the sous-lieutenant; and when he asked himself the reason why, he found that it was because he fancied that his wife was more pleased with the said society than she ought to be. He tried accusing himself of being a fool, but could not persuade himself to plead guilty to the charge. He was not jealous, of course; he hurled that insinuation from himself with the contempt it deserved, and cast it back in his own teeth; but could not swallow it for all that. The fact is, he *was* jealous, knew that he was, and thought that he ought to be; but would perish rather than admit the fact.

There were several courses open to him in such a difficulty. One was to punch the sous-lieutenant's head; another to return home; a third was to do both, and indeed the second seemed not an unnatural sequence to the first. But either course was open to objection. Another remained,—to remonstrate mildly with Mrs. Brittles, whom he did not dream of accusing of more than thoughtlessness, and for whom he felt that the merest hint would be sufficient. But the latter course was even more difficult than the others. He had courage amply sufficient for the punching of the head; he felt that he could be man enough to take his departure, especially after that feat; but he could not "bring himself" to speak to his wife on the subject. So, while wondering what he should do, he did nothing, as a matter of course, except that he went more frequently to the Cafe Vermond, even without the temptation of London friends, and was less frequently seen there with the sous-lieutenant.

It was during this uncomfortable period in the annals of Brittles, while he was letting his leave drift away, and things in general take their course until its termination, that a party was made up to go for the tenth time or so to the Vallee de Nacre. I say a party was made up. It was always made up, for there were only the usual trio. However, they betook themselves to their favorite haunt, on the usual pic nic-ing purposes intent.

The drive was not a pleasant one; but that was not the fault of either of the responsible members of the party. It was caused by that unlucky dog Tiney, who barked at everything and every body on the way, and, whether taken into the vehicle, or stuck up on the box with the coachman, positively refused to be comforted; so that conversation was almost out of the question, and good-humor very up-hill work. Once indeed the wretched little animal, while indicating his hostility to a company of Chasseurs d'Afrique, from the apparently safe basis of operations of his mistress's lap, tumbled clean out of the conveyance, and was brought dirty back to it, after an infinite amount of trouble and confusion, and no little danger to the dog at the hands of some rather surly rustics, one of whom he seized by the leg, in a manner more British than would be quite understood by an uneducated Frenchman. Tiney, indeed, had been getting into a succession of similar scrapes ever since his arrival. He had once tumbled off the pier, and been picked up by a fishing-boat; and upon another occasion, when he was airing his high spirits in the Grande Rue, a gendarme could with difficulty be persuaded not to spike him upon his sword, as a dangerous animal, like the *bouledogues* against which the police of our lively neighbors declare such determined war. As for being lost or stolen, that was a matter of continual occurrence, and attended, of course, with the usual pecuniary outlay. In fact, as Brittles declared, the dog, which had always been a bore, was rapidly developing into a nuisance.

The day, which had begun badly, ended worse. Tiney became quiet at last; but Brittles was somehow ill at ease. The sous-lieutenant seemed more than usually attentive to Mrs. Brittles during lunch, a fact which was not of course calculated to improve matters; and Brittles would have been in a decidedly bad temper but for one little circumstance. Mrs. Brittles, from the time of their arrival at the valley, treated M. de Beauregard with a coolness so decided as utterly to confound that young officer. Brittles could not fail to see it, and, although greatly puzzled to know what it meant, he felt a savage satisfaction at his wife's brutality.

So it was, that between the dog and the quarrel—whatever the latter might be about—the pic-nic party was a dead failure; and the consequence was, a premature return home, in the course of which scarcely six words were exchanged between the three.

V.

There still remained a couple of hours before dinner, and Brittles disposed of them by smoking morosely at the Vermond. He was evidently thinking of something else but time, for it struck six when he rose to leave; and he had to go across the harbor to the Capacious side, where his *hotel* was situated.

It is only a few minutes' walk, however, from the Cafe Vermond to the Hotel du Louvre, as the intelligent reader is probably aware; and when Brittles arrived he could see, through the windows on the ground-floor, that the guests had only just begun to arrive at the *table-d'hote*. The Brittleses did not often dine at the public table; but having omitted to order dinner in their own rooms, they had agreed to do so upon that occasion; and he observed that Mrs. Brittles was already in her place, waiting for him. So he dashed up-stairs to make a hasty toilette, but was not destined to descend to dinner without a little adventure.

At the door of his *appartement* he saw the *bonne* who attended upon his wife with a letter in her hand. This was no business of his, as she said it was for Madame; but there was something strange and evasive in the girl's manner, and he took the missive from her almost by force. There was a gas-light in the corridor, and he was able to read the superscription. It was in the handwriting of De Beauregard!

It is a very improper thing to open other people's letters, as a general rule; but all is fair in love or war; and when you think you have reason to be at war with a man about a matter of love, I suppose there is a double justification for irregular proceedings. At anyrate, this is what Brittles thought; and after a very brief consultation with his own mind, he broke the seal.

If you had seen poor Brittles when he read the contents, you would not have envied him his feelings. He turned deadly pale, and, but for the friendly aid of the balustrades, would probably have fallen to the ground. Mastering his emotion, however, he made his way into his dressing-room, and there—I am sorry to record the subterfuge of which he was guilty—he placed the letter in a fresh envelope, which he fastened with gun, re-addressed it in a handwriting very much resembling that of De Beauregard, and left it on his wife's dressing-table. He was very late for dinner at the *table-d'hote*, and what excuse he made I do not remember. But Mrs. Brittles, on going up to her room afterwards, most certainly got her letter, and, what is more, she said not a word about it to her husband.

VI.

Next day Brittles appeared quite himself again; but Mrs. Brittles showed a great tendency to be somebody else, which, considering what a charming woman she was, could scarcely be a change for the better. She was silent and *distrait*, and all the dear little Dresden ways had departed from her. She was positively nothing more than a—a prosaic female. The change was a sad one, indeed. So far from talking to her husband, she scarcely looked at him; and seemed to desire, indeed, to avoid his gaze. Fortunately he relieved her of his presence immediately after breakfast, merely saying that he was going out, and should be back to lunch.

He had not been gone an hour when there arrived—not M. de Beauregard, as you might have supposed, but a very handsome specimen of a Perigord pie from a pastry-cook's, with a message from the sous-lieutenant begging Mr. Brittles's acceptance of the gift, with his compliments. The young officer had several times before sent little presents of this kind, so there was nothing strange in the advent of the pie; but its effect upon Mrs. Brittles was very remarkable. At first she looked at it, when the servant placed it upon the table, with a glance of mingled annoyance and contempt. Then, on a sudden, a thought seemed to strike her; she gave a loud scream, and sank fainting upon the sofa.

She was aroused—the fainting having gone off of its own accord, I suppose—by the entrance of her husband, who, not paying any apparent attention to the confusion which she but ill concealed, remarked that he had had a long walk, and hoped lunch was ready. Poor Mrs. Brittles, to whom lunch must have been a matter of perfect indifference, said she had ordered that refreshment for half-past two, and it was now five-and-twenty minutes past. Circumstantial evidence was thus in favor of its being nearly ready.

Brittles, who seemed in high spirits, and whose tongue rattled away with unusual volubility, walked about the room, examining all the objects that he knew by heart with that curiosity which is known only to people who are waiting for something; and in the course of his rounds the conspicuous object placed upon the table was not likely to escape him.

"Hallos!" was his British exclamation; "what's this? A Perigord pie, by Jove! From De Beauregard, I see. Very civil of him. It's just in time too; and I hope he'll excuse me, if I'm rather punctual in opening it."

Madame's look of horror when he pronounced these words would have frightened Brittles out of his wits had he seen it; but he had taken a curious interest in the clock on the mantelpiece, and there being a looking-glass behind it, of course he had no opportunity of observing what was passing in the room.

Well, lunch was at last put upon the table, and Brittles, though his wife said she could not take any thing, said she would at any rate take her seat, which she did, looking less like a Dresden image than even in the morning; for grief is very unbecoming to that style of art.

But nothing could disturb the elation of Brittles, who had a cheery word upon every subject that turned up. His manner was as kind as possible to his wife, though he took no notice of her depression; but what was more remarkable, he even petted the dog, who had of course spotted the lunch with great promptitude. Tiney, however, would have nothing to do with him, but slunk away under a chair.

The pie, which formed a prominent feature of the meal, was placed opposite to Brittles, or rather Brittles placed himself opposite to it. It was soon opened, and Brittles was about to dispense its contents, when Mrs. Brittles started wildly from her seat, made one bound to Brittles, and flung her arms round his neck.

"My dearest, dearest Charles!" she exclaimed, "as you love me, I implore you—I implore you!—"

"My dear Emily," said Brittles, shaking her off, but not roughly, "what do you mean? what do you want me to do?"

"Do not touch that pie, Charles; I warn you not."

"Not touch the pie! What an absurdity! I leave the pie? *Pas si bete*, as they say in this part of the world. And for what reason would you deprive me of the best dish on the table?"

Mrs. Brittles made another appeal.

"I must not give my reason—I dare not; perhaps I have no right to think what I do; but for my sake, dear Charles—"

And here she took to that arm of the service in which she knew she was most strong, and tried various little persuasive ways that Brittles could no more resist than he could receive a charge of cavalry upon the point of his fork. In the end she had her way, as usual, and Brittles agreed—upon condition that he should be told why when they had left Boulogne—not to partake of the pie.

"But what shall I do with this upon my plate?" he said. "It seems a pity to send it away. You won't take it; suppose we give it to Tiney."

Mrs. Brittles seemed inclined to interpose; but Brittles had already laid the plate upon the ground, and called the dog.

"Come along, Tiney," said he, imitating the soothing tones in which his wife was accustomed to address the pet; "come along, Pride of Boulogne and Hope of the Department du Nord!"

The dog approached, wagging his tail, and in half a minute was hard at work upon the contents of the plate. In scarcely a minute and a half more he was stretched by the side of his dinner—dead!

Mrs. Brittles raised a cry of horror, and Brittles looked grave.

"It is just as well, you see," he remarked,

"that I did not touch the pie. I thought there was a scent of almonds somewhere."

The shock was too great for Mrs. Brittles. She again rushed into her husband's arms.

"Forgive me, dearest Charles," she cried, as soon as she could speak; "forgive me, though I am not in fault. That horrible man, whom I never encouraged at all, he tried to put a note in my hand when helping me out of the carriage; I would not have it, and scarcely spoke to him all the time we were at the valley. When I went to my room after dinner, I found—another note, Charles, which I opened, without looking at the writing outside. It was a declaration of love, Charles, to me! and what question do you think he asked me?"

Brittles, who took the intelligence rather more coolly than his wife could have expected, said he really didn't know.

"Well, then, he asked me whether, if at any time any thing happened to you, I would then consent to be his wife."

"Very considerate of him to agree to wait," remarked Brittles, dryly.

"I did not take much notice of the question at the time," pursued the lady, "as it seemed only my part to make his declaration appear as little insulting as possible; and for fear of a quarrel, and perhaps a duel, I did not tell you. But when the pie came to-day I could not help feeling uneasy, and by degrees I grew really suspicious; and I am so thankful—so thankful!"

And then came more endearments, into which we need not enter.

These were by no means over when the servant announced that M. de Beauregard was below, and waited permission to ascend.

Brittles started to his feet, and there is great reason to believe that he would have committed some rash act had not Emily interposed and taken the initiative.

"Tell M. de Beauregard," said she proudly, "that I decline to receive him upon this or any future occasion."

Then she flung herself back into her husband's arms, and there was a great scene, as you suppose.

There was no lunch that day. But the dinner-party in the evening, though smaller than usual, was the pleasantest that the Brittleses had known for some time past. They were alone, and there was entire confidence between them. They left Boulogne next day, and from that time were the happiest couple you ever heard of. There was not even the fly in their soup, the shake to their port, the crumpled rose-leaf to their repose, which had, however lightly, clouded their former content. At any other time Emily Brittles would, I dare say, have gone half mad at the loss of poor Tiney; but happening as it did, it had but little effect upon her; and I must confess that since her return I have seldom heard an allusion to the Pride of Boulogne and the Hope of the Departement du Nord pass her lips. When I last saw her, she was more like a Dresden ornament than ever; and when I last heard of her, it was in such terms of eulogy that I should have set them down to the grossest flattery, had I not known them to be her genuine deserts.

So the Boulogne adventure was, after all, attended by the happiest results. But I forgot to mention one little matter.

In a moment of confidence Brittles has since told me that it was he, and not the sous-lieutenant, who sent the Perigord pie.

"It was a little device of mine," he explained; "a single stone by which I got rid of two birds,—a man whom I feared, and a dog that I detested."

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence; where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other, where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh, how the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through immeasurable space to visit them. But of all the spots on the green earth, none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we once loved and cherished. Hence, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots for the burial of their dead, and in those spots they have loved to wander at eventide to meditate and weep. But among all the charnel-houses of the dead, if there is one spot more sacred than all the rest, it is a mother's grave. There sleeps the mother of our infancy—she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.

☞ According to "reliable authority" there is a spring at Fredericksburg, Virginia, which has made a habit of breaking out, ever since the Revolution, three months before the commencement of any national hostilities, and closing three months before peace. As this spring, which has been in full play since January, 1861, suddenly ceased running in March, peace is of course to be expected in June.

☞ Private Conversations.—General Hooker has asked that army correspondents will not retail his private conversations to the newspapers. He says he is beginning to fear them much more than he does the enemy.

READY TO DEPART.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CARRIE MYER.

So much of care and pain she has withstood,
Why yields she now? She has but reached the time
That gives new strength to perfect womanhood,
And brighter glory to our manhood's prime.

And well she knows the wealth of that rich dower
Unto her soul of gifted minstrelsy;
She has not lost the consciousness of power
To be—all that her heart could wish to be!

And there is home, and all the dear home ties,
And friendship's hallowed joys to bind her here,
And tender love and true that never dies,
And hope, that brings the far-off future near.

But, for all these, the blight has fallen down
In darkness deep and wild upon her life;
One light, that was so wont her days to crown,
Was all withdrawn amid her sorrow's strife.

There is a land that needs the boon of peace,
Her childhood's land, the dearest to her heart,
And she has prayed to see this carnage cease—
She prays—yet she is ready to depart.

She prays, and trusts, for she can do no more;
While midway in the heavens high gleams the sun
O'er inland fair and shadowy winding shore,
Upon the glowing hills her work is done.

The blanching hands and cheeks, the pallid sign
Of the eternal paleness, in her breast
Stir naught of dread; with eyes that brighter shine
She hails the heralds of approaching rest.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

SUSPENSE.

Eleanor Vane and the scene-painter stood upon the bridge looking at each other for a few moments after Richard's cry of mingled terror and astonishment.

Had not Eleanor's mind been entirely absorbed by one cruel anxiety, she would have wondered at her old friend's strange greeting. As it was, she took no heed of his manner. The shadows of the summer night were gathering over the city and upon the quiet river; the towers of Notre Dame loomed dimly through the twilight.

"Oh, Richard!" Eleanor cried, "I have been so unhappy. Papa didn't come home all last night, nor yet to-day. I waited for him hour after hour until late in the afternoon; and then the house seemed unbearable; I *couldn't* stay in any longer, and I came out to look for him. I have been far up on the Boulevard where I parted with him last night, and all the way along the crowded streets about there; and then through other streets, till I found myself down here by the water, and I'm so tired. Oh, Dick, Dick, how unkind of papa not to come home. How unkind of my darling father to give me this misery."

She clasped her hands convulsively upon her companion's arm, and bending her head, burst into tears. Those tears were the first which she had shed in all her trouble; the first relief after long hours of agonizing suspense, of weary watching.

"Oh, how can papa treat me so?" she cried, amid her sobbing. "How can he treat me so?"

Then, suddenly raising her head, she looked at Richard Thornton, her clear, gray eyes dilated with a wild terror, which gave her face a strange and awful beauty.

"Richard!" she cried; "Richard! you don't think that there—that there is—anything wrong—that anything has happened to my father?"

She did not wait for him to answer, but cried out directly, as if shrinking in terror from the awful suggestion in her own words:—

"What should happen to him? he is so well and strong, poor darling. If he is old, he is not *like* an old man, you know. The people of the house in the Rue de l'Archeveque have been very kind to me; they say I am quite foolish to be frightened, and they told me that papa stopped out all night once last summer. He went to Versailles to see some friends, and stayed away all night without giving any notice that he was going to do so. I know it's very silly of me to be so frightened, Richard. But I always was frightened at Chelsea if he stayed out. I used to fancy all sorts of things. I thought of all kinds of dreadful things last night, Dick, and to-day, until my fancies almost drove me mad."

During all this time the scene-painter had not spoken. He seemed utterly unable to offer any word of comfort to the poor girl who clung to him in her distress, looking to him for consolation and hope.

She looked wonderingly into his face, puzzled by his silence, which seemed unfeeling, and it was not like Richard to be unfeeling.

"Richard!" she cried, almost impatiently. "Richard, speak to me! You see how much misery I've suffered, and you don't say a word! You'll help me to find papa, won't you?"

The young man looked down at her. Heaven knows she would have seen no lack of tenderness or compassion in his face, if it had not been hidden by the gathering gloom of the August evening. He drew her hand through his arm, and led her away towards the other side of the water, leaving the black roof of the dead-house behind him.

"There is nothing I would not do to help you, Eleanor," he said, gently. "God knows my heart, my dear, and He knows how faithfully I will try to help you."

"And you will look for papa, Richard, if he should not come home to-night—he may be at home now, you know, and he may be angry with me for coming out alone, instead of waiting quietly at home till he returned; but if he should not come to-night, you'll look for him, won't you, Richard? You'll search all Paris till you find him?"

"I'll do everything that I could do for you if I were your brother, Eleanor," the young man answered gravely; "there are times in our lives when nobody but God can help us, my dear, and when we must turn to Him. It's in the day of trouble that we want His help, Nelly."

"Yes, yes, I know. I prayed, last night, again and again, and again, that papa might come back soon. I have been saying the same prayer all to-day, Richard; even just now, when you found me standing by the parapet of the bridge, I was praying for my dear father. I saw the church towers looking so grand and solemn in the twilight, and the sight of them made me remember how powerful God is, and that He can always grant our prayers."

"If it seems best and wisest in His sight, Nell."

"Yes, of course; sometimes we pray for foolish things, but there could be nothing foolish in wishing my darling father to come back to me. Where are you taking me, Dick?"

Eleanor stopped suddenly, and looked at her companion. She had need to ask the question, for Richard Thornton was leading her into a labyrinth of streets in the direction of the Luxembourg, and seemed to have very very little notion whither he was going.

"This is not the way home, Richard," Eleanor said; "I don't know where we are, but we seem to be going further and further away from home. Will you take me back to the Rue de l'Archeveque, Dick? We must cross the river again, you know, to get there. I want to go home at once. Papa may have come home, and he'll be angry, perhaps, if he finds me absent. Take me home, Dick!"

"I will, my dear. We'll cross the water further on, by the Louvre; and now tell me, Eleanor—I—I can't very well make inquiries about your father, unless I fully understand the circumstances under which you parted from him last night. How was it, my dear? What happened when Mr. Vane left you upon the Boulevard?"

They were walking in a broad, quiet street in which there were very few passers-by. The houses stood back behind ponderous gates, and were hidden by sheltering walls. The stately mansions between court and garden had rather a decayed aspect, which gave a certain dreariness to their grandeur. The fashionable world seemed to have deserted this quiet quarter for the leafy avenues leading away from the Champs Elysees.

Richard and Eleanor walked slowly along the broad footway. The stillness of the soft summer night had some effect upon the school-girl's fever of impatience. The grave, compassionate tones of her friend's voice soothed her. The burst of passionate weeping which had almost convulsed her slight frame half an hour before, had been an unspeakable relief to her. She clung to her companion's arm confidingly, and walked patiently by his side, without questioning him as to where he was leading her, though she had a vague idea that he was not taking her homewards.

"I will not be foolish about papa," she said; "I will do as you tell me, Richard, I will trust in God. I am sure my dear father will return to me. We are so fond of each other; you know, Richard, we are all the world to each other; and my poor darling looks so hopefully forward to the day in which he will have Mr. de Crespigny's fortune. I don't hope for that quite so much as papa does, Dick; for Mr. de Crespigny may live to be a very, very old man, and it seems so wicked to wish for any one's death. The day I look forward to is the day when I shall have finished my education, and be able to work for papa. That must be almost better than being rich, I should think, Dick. I can't imagine any happier fate than to work for those we love."

Her face brightened as she talked, and she turned to her companion, looking to him for sympathy; but Richard's head was averted, and he seemed to be staring absently at the houses upon the opposite side of the way.

He was silent for some moments after Eleanor had left off speaking; and then he said, rather abruptly:

"Tell me, my dear, how did you part with your father last night?"

"Why, we had been dining on the Boulevard; and after dinner, papa took me for a long walk, ever so far, past all the theatres, and he had promised to take me to the Ambigu or the Port Saint Martin; but as we were coming back we met two gentlemen, friends of papa's, who stopped him and said they had an appointment with him, and persuaded him to go back with them."

"Back with them! Back where?"

"I mean back towards a big stone gateway we had passed a little time before. I only know they turned that way, but I don't know where they went. I stood and watched them till they were out of sight."

"And the two men, what were they like?"

"One of them was a little Frenchman, stout and rosy-faced, with a light moustache and beard like the Emperor's. He was smartly dressed, and had a cane, which he kept twirling when he talked to papa."

"Did you hear what he said?"

"No, he spoke in a low voice, and he talked French."

"But you speak French, Eleanor?"

"Yes, but not as they speak it here. The people seem to talk so fast here, it's quite difficult to understand them."

"But the other man, Nell, what was he like?"

"Oh, he was a disagreeable-looking man, and seemed to have a sulky manner, as if he was offended with papa for breaking his appointment, and didn't care how the matter ended. I scarcely saw his face, at least only for a moment, just long enough to see that he had black eyes, and a thick black moustache. He was tall, and shabbily dressed, and I fancied he was an Englishman, though he never once spoke."

"He never spoke! It was the Frenchman, then, who persuaded your father to go away with him?"

"Yes."

"And he seemed very anxious?"

"Oh, yes, very anxious."

Richard Thornton muttered something between his set teeth, something which sounded like a curse.

"Tell me one thing, Eleanor," he said. "Your poor father never was too well off, I know. He could not be likely to have much money about him last night. Do you know if he had any?"

"Yes, he had a great deal of money."

"What do you mean by a great deal? A few pounds, I suppose?"

"Oh, much more than that," Eleanor answered. "He had a hundred pounds—a hundred pounds in new bank notes, French notes. It was the money my half-sister, Mrs. Bannister, had sent him, to pay for my education at Madame Marly's."

"Mrs. Bannister," said Richard, catching at the name. "Ah, to be sure, I remember now. Mrs. Bannister is your sister. She is very well off, is she not, and has been kind to you? If you were in any trouble, you would go to her, I suppose, Eleanor?"

"Go to her if I were in trouble! Oh, no, no, Dick, not for the world!"

"But why not? She has been kind to you, hasn't she, Nell?"

"Oh, yes, very kind in paying money for my education, and all that; but you know, Richard, there are some people who seem to do kind things in an unkind manner. If you knew the cruel letter that Mrs. Bannister wrote to papa—the cruel, humiliating things she said only a few days ago, you couldn't wonder that I don't like her."

"But she is your sister, Nell; your nearest relation."

"Except papa."

"And she ought to love you, and be kind to you. She lives at Bayswater, I think I've heard you say?"

"Yes, in Hyde Park Gardens."

"To be sure. Mrs. Bannister, Hyde Park Gardens, Bayswater."

He repeated the name and address, as if he wished to impress them upon his memory.

"I will take you home now, Nell," he said. "My poor child, you must be tired to death."

"How can I think about being tired, Richard," exclaimed Eleanor, "when I am so anxious about papa. Oh, if I only find him at home, what happiness it will be!"

But she hung heavily upon her friend's arm, and Richard knew that she was very tired. She had been wandering about Paris for several hours, poor child, hither and thither, in the long, unfamiliar streets, following all sorts of unlikely people who looked in the distance something like her father; hoping again and again, only again and again to be disappointed.

They turned into a wider thoroughfare presently, and the scene-painter called the first hackney vehicle which passed him, and lifted Eleanor into it. She was almost fainting with fatigue and exhaustion.

"What have you had to eat to-day, Nell?" he asked.

She hesitated a little, as if she had forgotten what she had eaten, or indeed whether she had eaten at all.

"There was some coffee and a couple of rolls sent for papa this morning. He has his breakfast sent him from a *traiteur's*, you know. I had one of the rolls."

"And you've had nothing since?"

"No. How could I eat when I was so wretched about papa?"

Richard shook his head reproachfully.

"My darling Nell!" he said, "you promised me just now that you'd be a good girl, and trust in Providence. I shall take you somewhere and give you some supper, and then you must promise me to go home and get a good night's rest."

"I will do whatever you tell me, Richard," Eleanor answered, submissively, "but let me go home first, please, and see if papa has come back."

The scene-painter did not for a few moments reply to this request, but he answered presently in an abstracted tone,

"You shall do what you like, Nell."

He told the coachman to drive to the Rue de l'Archeveque, but he would not let Eleanor alight from the vehicle when they reached the corner of the street and the little butcher's shop, eager as she was to spring out and run into the house.

"Stay where you are, Nell," he said, authoritatively. "I will make all inquiries."

Eleanor obeyed him. She was enfeebled and exhausted by a weary night of watching, a long day of agitation and anxiety, and she was too weak to oppose her old friend. She looked hopelessly up at the open windows on the entresol. They were exactly as she had left them four or five hours ago. No glimmer of light gave friendly token that the rooms were occupied.

Richard Thornton talked to the butcher's wife for a long time, as it seemed to Eleanor, but he had very little to tell her when he came back to the carriage. Mr. Vane had not returned; that was all he said.

He took his companion to a cafe near the Madeleine, where he insisted upon her taking a large cup of coffee and a roll. It was all he could persuade her to take, and she begged to be allowed to sit at one of the tables outside the cafe.

She might see her father go by, she said, on his way to the Rue de l'Archeveque.

The two friends sat at a little iron table rather apart from the groups of animated loungers sitting at other tables drinking coffee and lemonade. But George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane did not pass that way throughout the half hour during which Eleanor lingered over her cup of coffee.

It was past ten o'clock when Richard Thornton bade her good-night at the threshold of the little door beside the butcher's shop.

"You must promise me not to sit up to-night, Nelly," he said, as he shook hands with her.

"Yes, Richard."

"And mind you keep your promise this time. I will come and see you early to-morrow. God bless you, my dear, and good-night."

He pressed her hand tenderly. When she had closed the door behind her, he crossed the narrow street, and waited upon the other side of the way until he saw a light in one of the entresol windows. He watched while Eleanor came to this window and drew a dark curtain across it, and then he walked slowly away.

"God bless her, poor child," he murmured, in a low, compassionate voice, "poor lonely child!"

The grave thoughtfulness of his expression never changed as he walked homewards to the Hotel des Deux Mondes. Late as it was when he reached his chamber in the fifth story, he seated himself at the table, and pushing aside his clay pipe and tobacco-pouch, his water-colors and brushes, his broken palettes and scraps of Bristol board, and all the litter of his day's work, he took a few sheets of foreign letter paper and a tiny bottle of ink from a shabby leather desk, and began to write.

He wrote two letters, both rather long, and folded, sealed, and addressed them.

One was directed to Mrs. Bannister, Hyde Park Gardens, Bayswater; the other to Signora Picirillo, the Pilasters, Dudley Street, Northumberland Square.

Richard Thornton put both these letters in his pocket and went out to post them.

"I think I have acted for the best," he muttered, as he went back to the hotel near the market-place; "I can do nothing more until to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

George Vane did not come home. Eleanor kept her promise made to her faithful friend, and tried to sleep. She flung herself, dressed as she was, upon the little bed near the curtained alcove. She would thus be ready to run to her father, whenever he came in, she thought, to welcome and minister to him. She was thoroughly worn out, and she slept; a wretched slumber, broken by nightmares and horrible dreams, in which she saw her father assailed by all kinds of dangers, a prey to every manner of misfortune and vicissitude. Once she saw him standing on a horrible rock, menaced by a swiftly advancing tide, while she was in a boat only a few paces from him, as it seemed, doing battle with the black waves, and striving with all her might to reach and rescue him, but never able to do so.

In another dream he was wandering upon the crumbling verge of a precipice—he seemed a white haired, feeble, tottering old man in this vision—and again she was near him, but unable to give him warning of his danger, though a word would have done so. The agony of her endeavor to utter the one cry which would have called that idolized father, from his death, awoke her.

But she had other dreams, dreams of quite a different character, in which her father was restored to her, rich and prosperous, and he and she were laughing merrily at all the foolish tortures she had inflicted upon herself; and other dreams again, which seemed so real that she fancied she must be awake; dreams in which she heard the welcome footsteps upon the stair, the opening of the door, and her father's voice in the next room calling to her.

These dreams were the worst of all. It was terrible to awake after many such delusions and find she had been again deluded. It was cruel to awake to the full sense of her loneliness, while the sound of the voice she had heard in her dream still lingered in her ears.

The dark hours of the short summer night seemed interminable to her in this wretched, bewildered, half-sleeping, half-waking state, far longer than they had appeared when she sat up watching for her father's return. Every fresh dream was a slow agony of terror and perplexity.

At last the gray daylight stole in through the half-closed shutters, the vague outlines of the furniture grew out of the darkness, duskily imaginable and ghastly at first, then sharp and distinct in the cold morning light. She could not rest any longer; she got up and went to the window; she pushed the sash open, and rest down on her knees with her forehead resting on the window sill.

"I will wait for him here," she thought. "I shall hear his step in the street. Poor dear, poor dear, I can guess why he stays away. He has spent that odious money, and does not like to return and tell me so. My darling father, do you know me so little as to think that I would grudge you the last farthing I had in the world, if you wanted it?"

Her thoughts rambled on in strange confusion until they grew bewildering, her brain became dizzy with perpetual repetitions of the same idea; when she lifted her head—her poor, weary, burning, heavy head, which seemed a leaden weight that it was almost impossible to raise—and looked from the window, the street below reeled beneath her eyes, the floor upon which she knelt seemed shaking with her into some deep gulf of blackness and horror; a thousand conflicting sounds—not the morning noises of the waking city—hissed and buzzed, and roared and thundered in her ears, growing louder and louder and louder, until they all melted away in the fast-gathering darkness.

The sun was shining brightly into the room when the compassionate mistress of the house found Mr. Vane's daughter half-kneeling, half-lying on the ground, with her head upon the cold sill of the open window, and her golden hair streaming in draggled curls about her shoulders. Her thin muslin frock was wet with the early dew. She had fainted away, and had lain thus, helpless and insensible, for several hours.

The butcher's wife undressed her and put her to bed. Richard Thornton came to the Rue de l'Archeveque half an hour afterwards, and went away again directly to look for an English doctor. He found one, an elderly man with grave and gentle manners, who declared that Miss Vane was suffering from fever brought on by intense mental excitement; she was of a highly nervous temperament, he said, and that she required little to be done for her; she only wanted repose and quiet. Her constitution was superb, and would triumph over a far more serious attack than this.

Richard Thornton took the doctor into the adjoining room, the little sitting-room which bore the traces of Mr. Vane's occupation, and talked to him in a low voice for some minutes. The medical man shook his head gravely.

"It is very sad," he said; "it will be better to tell her the truth, if possible, as soon as she recovers from the delirium. The anxiety and suspense have overtaxed her brain. Anything would be better than that this overstrained state of the mind should continue. Her constitution will rally after a shock; but, with her highly nervous and imaginative nature, everything is to be dreaded from prolonged mental irritation. She is related to you, I suppose?"

"No, poor child! I wish she were."

"But she is not without near relatives, I hope?"

"No, she has sisters—or at least half-sisters—and brothers."

"They should be written to, then, immediately," the doctor said, as he took up his hat.

"I have written to one of her sisters, and I have written to another lady, a friend, who will be of more use, I fancy, in this crisis."

The doctor went away, promising to send some saline draughts to keep the fever under, and to call again in the evening.

Richard Thornton went into the little bed-chamber where the butcher's wife sat beside the curtained alcove, making up some accounts in a leather-covered book. She was a hearty pleasant mannered young woman, and had taken up her post by the invalid's bed very willingly, although her presence was always much needed in the shop below.

"Chut," she whispered, with her finger on her lip, "she sleeps, *pauvrette*!"

Richard sat down quietly by the open window. He took out Michel Levy's edition of "Raoul," a stump of lead pencil, and the back of an old letter, and set to work resolutely at his adaptation. He could not afford to lose time, even though his adopted sister lay ill under the shadow of the worsted curtains that shrouded the alcove on the other side of the little room.

He sat long and patiently, turning the Poison drama into English with wonderful ease and rapidity, and meekly bearing a deprivation that was no small one to him, in the loss of his clay pipe, which he was in the habit of smoking at all hours of the day.

Eleanor awoke at last, and began talking in a rambling, incoherent way about her father, and the money sent by Mrs. Banister, and the parting upon the Boulevard.

The butcher's wife drew back the curtain, and Richard Thornton went to the bedside and looked down tenderly at his child-ish friend.

Her amber tinted hair was scattered on the pillow, tangled and roughened by the constant movement of her restless head. Her gray eyes were feverishly bright, and burning spots blazed upon the cheeks which had been so deathly pale on the previous night. She knew Richard, and spoke to him; but the delirium was not over, for she mixed the events of the present with the Chelsea experiences of long ago, and talked to her old friend of the signora, the violin, and the rabbits. She fell off into a heavy sleep again, after taking the effervescing medicine sent her by the English surgeon, and slept until nearly twilight. In these long slumbers her fresh and powerful constitution asserted itself, and took compensation for the strain that had been made upon it in the past day or two.

Richard went away in the afternoon, and did not return till late at night, when the butcher's wife told him that her charge had been very restless, and had asked repeatedly for her father.

"What are we to do?" the good woman said, shrugging her shoulders with a despairing gesture. "Are we to tell her?"

"Not yet," Richard answered. "Keep her quiet; keep her as quiet as you can. And if it is positively necessary to tell her anything, say that her father has been taken ill, away from home, and cannot be brought back yet. Poor child! it seems so cruel to keep her in suspense, and still more cruel to deceive her."

The butcher's wife promised to do all in her power to keep her patient quiet. The doctor had sent an opiate. Miss Vane could not sleep too much, he said.

So another night passed, this time very peacefully for Eleanor, who lay in a heavy slumber broken by no cruel dreams. She was very, very weak the next day, for she had scarcely eaten anything since the roll and coffee which Richard had made her take; and though she was not exactly delirious, her mind seemed almost incapable of receiving any very vivid impression. She listened quietly when they told her that her father could not come home because he was ill.

Richard Thornton came to the Rue de l'Archeveque several times during this second day of Eleanor's illness, but he only stayed a few minutes upon each occasion. He had a great deal to do, he told the butcher's wife, who still kept faithfully to her post in the sick room, only stealing away now and then, while Eleanor was asleep, to attend to her business.

It was past eleven o'clock that night when the scene-painter came for the last time. Eleanor had grown worse as the evening advanced, and was by this time terribly feverish and restless. She wanted to get up and dress herself, and go to her father. If he was ill, how could they keep her from him, how could they be so cruel as to keep her from his side?

Then, starting up suddenly from her pillow, she would cry out wildly that they were deceiving her, and that her father was dead.

But help and comfort was near at hand. When Richard came, he did not come alone. He brought a lady with him; an elderly, gray-headed woman, dressed in shabby black.

When this lady appeared upon the threshold of the dimly-lighted little bedchamber, Eleanor Vane suddenly sprang up in bed, and threw out her arms with a wild cry of surprise and delight.

"The Signora!" she exclaimed, "the dear, kind Signora!"

The lady took off her bonnet, and then went close up to the bed, and seating herself on the edge of the mattress, drew Eleanor's fair head upon her bosom, smoothing the tangled golden hair with unspeakable tenderness.

"My poor child!" she murmured again and again. "My poor, poor child!"

"But, dear Signora," Eleanor cried, wonderingly, "how is it that you are here? Why didn't Richard tell me that you were in Paris?"

"Because I have only just arrived, my darling."

"Only just arrived! Only just arrived in Paris! But why did you come?"

"I came to see you, Eleanor," the Signora answered, very gently. "I heard that you were in trouble, my dear, and I have come to you, to help and comfort you, if I can."

The butcher's wife had withdrawn into the little sitting-room where Richard sat in the darkness. Eleanor Vane and the Signora were therefore quite alone.

Hitherto the invalid's head had rested very quietly upon her friend's bosom, but now she lifted it suddenly and looked full in the Signora's face.

"You came to me because I was in trouble," she said. "How should I be in trouble so long as my father lives? What sorrow can come to me while he is safe? He is ill, they say, but he will get better; he will get better, won't he? He will be better soon, dear Signora; he will be better soon!"

She waited for an answer to her breathless questioning, looking intently in the pale quiet face of her friend; then suddenly, with a low, wailing cry, she flung up her hands and clasped them wildly above her head.

"You have all deceived me," she cried, "you have all deceived me: my father is dead!"

The Signora drew her arm caressingly round Eleanor Vane, and tried to shelter the poor burning head once more upon her shoulder; but Eleanor shrank from her with an impatient gesture, and, with her hands still clasped above her head, stared blankly at the dead wall before her.

"My dear, my dear," the Signora said, trying to unclasp the rigid hands which were so convulsively clasped together.—"Eleanor, my dear, listen to me; for pity's sake try and listen to me, my own dear love. You must know, you must have long known, my dear, that heavy sorrows come to us all, sooner or later. It is the common lot, my love, and we must all bow before the Divine hand that afflicts us. If there were no sorrow in this world, Eleanor, we should grow too much in love with our own happiness; we should be frightened at the approach of gray hairs and old age; we should tremble at the thought of death. If there were no better and higher life than this, Eleanor, sorrow and death would indeed be terrible. You know how very much affliction has fallen to my share, dear. You have heard me speak of the children I loved; all taken from me, Nelly, all taken away. If it were not for my dear nephew, Richard, I should stand quite alone in the world, a desolate old woman, with no hope on this side of the grave. But when my sons were taken from me, God raised me up another son in him. Do you think that God ever abandons us, Eleanor, even when He afflicts us most heavily? I have lived a long life, my dear, and I tell you no!"

The Signora waited in vain for some change in the rigid attitude, the stony face. Eleanor Vane still stared blankly at the dead wall before her.

"You have all deceived me," she repeated; "my father is dead!"

It was useless talking to her; the tenderest words were dull and meaningless jargon to her ears. That night the fever grew worse, and the delirium was at its height. The butcher's wife was relieved by a very patient and accustomed watcher, for the Signora had sat by many sick beds, hoping against hope, until despair crept into her heart, as the gray shadows of approaching death came over a beloved face, never again to pass away.

The fever lasted for several days and nights, but throughout every change the English doctor declared that Eleanor Vane's constitution would carry her through a worse attack than this.

"I am glad you told her," he said, one morning to the Signora, "there will be less to tell her by-and-by, when she begins to get strong again."

There was, therefore, something more to be told.

Little by little the fever passed away; the crimson spots faded out of the invalid's hollow cheeks; the unnatural lustre of the gray eyes grew less and less vivid; little by little the mind grew clearer, the delirious wanderings less frequent.

But with the return of perfect consciousness there came terrible bursts of grief—grief that was loud and passionate in proportion to the impulsive vehemence of Eleanor Vane's character. This was her first sorrow, and she could not bear it quietly. Floods of tears drowned her pillow night after night; she refused to be comforted; she repulsed the patient Signora; she would not listen to poor Richard, who came sometimes to sit by her side, and tried his best to beguile her from her grief. She rebelled against their attempted consolation.

"What was my father to you?" she cried, passionately. "You can afford to forget him. He was all the world to me!"

But it was not in Eleanor's nature to be long ungrateful for the tenderness and compassion of those who were so patient with her in this dark hour of her young life.

"How good you are to me," she cried sometimes, "and what a wretch I am to think so little of your goodness. But you don't know how I loved my father. You don't know—you don't know. I was to have worked for him; I was to have worked for him by-and-by, and we were to have led such a happy life together."

She was growing strong again in spite of her grief. Her elastic temperament asserted itself in spite of her sorrow, which she never ceased to think of night and day, and she arose after her illness like a beautiful flower which had been beaten and crushed by the storm.

Richard Thornton's leave of absence had expired for some days, but the Royal Phœnix Theatre closed its doors in the hot summer months, and he was therefore comparatively free. He stayed in Paris with his aunt, for they were both bent upon one purpose, to be accomplished at any sacrifice to themselves. Thank Heaven! there are always good Samaritans in the world, who do not mind turning backward upon their life's journey when there is a desolate and wounded traveller in need of their help and tenderness.

The Parisian atmosphere was cooling down in the early days of September—faint but refreshing breezes were beginning to blow away the white mists of summer heat upon the Boulevards, when Eleanor Vane was well enough to sit in the little saloon above the butcher's shop, and drink tea in the English fashion with her two friends.

She was well enough to do this, and Richard and the Signora were beginning to think of turning homewards; but before they could well leave Paris there was something that ought to be told to Eleanor—something that she must know sooner or later—something that it would be perhaps better for her to know at once.

But they had waited from time to time, thinking that she might ask some questions which would lead to the revelation that must ultimately be made to her.

Upon this September afternoon she sat near the open window, looking very beautiful and virginal in a loose, white muslin dressing-gown, and with her long, golden curls falling upon her shoulders. She had been silent for a long time; her two companions watching her furtively, observant of every change in her countenance. Her cup of tea stood untasted on a little table at her side, and she was sitting with her hands loosely locked together in her lap.

She spoke at last, and asked that very question which must inevitably lead to the revelation her friends had to make to her.

"You have never told me how papa died," she said; "his death must have been sudden, I know."

Eleanor Vane spoke very quietly. She had never before mentioned her dead father's name with so little outward evidence of emotion. The hands loosely locked together upon her lap stirred with a slightly tremulous motion; the face, turned towards the Signora and Richard Thornton, had a look of fixed intensity.

"Papa died suddenly, did he not?" she repeated.

"Yes, my dear, very suddenly."

"I thought so. But why was he not brought home? Why couldn't I see—"

She stopped abruptly, and turned her face away towards the open window. She was trembling violently now from head to foot.

Her two companions were silent. That terrible something which was as yet unrevealed must be told sooner or later; but who was to tell it to this girl, with her exquisite nature, her highly wrought nervous temperament?

The Signora shrugged her shoulders despondingly, as she looked at her nephew. Mr. Thornton had been painting all the afternoon in the little sitting-room. He had tried to interest Eleanor Vane in the great set scenes he was preparing for *Raoul*. He had explained to her the nature of a vampire trap in the wainscot of the poisoner's chamber, and had made his pasteboard model limp in his repeated exhibition of its machinery. The vampire trap was a subtle contrivance which might have beguiled any one from their grief, Dick thought; but the wan smile with which Eleanor watched his work only made the scene-painter's heart ache. Richard sighed as he returned his aunt's look. It seemed quite a hopeless case as yet. This poor, lonely child of fifteen might go melancholy mad, perhaps, in her grief for a spendthrift father.

Eleanor Vane turned upon them suddenly while they sat silent and embarrassed, wondering what they should say to her next.

"My father committed suicide!" she said, in a strangely quiet voice.

The Signora started and rose suddenly, as if she would have gone to Eleanor. Richard grew very pale, but sat looking down at the glitter upon the table, with one hand trifling nervously among the scraps of cardboard and wet paint-brushes.

"Yes," cried Eleanor Vane, "you have deceived me from first to last. You told me first that he was not dead: but when you could no longer keep my misery a secret from me, you only told me half the truth—you only told me half the cruel truth. And even now, when I have suffered so much that it seems as if no further suffering could touch me, you still deceive me, you still try to keep the truth from me. My father parted from me in health and spirits. Don't trifle with me, Signora; I am not a child any longer, I am not a foolish school-girl, whom you can deceive as you like. I am a woman, and will know the worst. My father killed himself!"

She had risen in her excitement, but clung with one hand to the back of her chair, as if too weak to stand without that support.

The Signora went to her, and wound her arms about the slight, trembling figure; but Eleanor seemed almost unconscious of that motherly caress.

"Tell me the truth," she cried, vehemently, "did my father kill himself?"

"It is feared that he did, Eleanor."

The pale face grew a shade whiter, and the trembling frame became suddenly rigid.

"It is feared that he did!" Eleanor Vane repeated. "It is not certain, then?"

"Not quite certain."

"Why don't you tell me the truth?" cried the girl, passionately. "Do you think you can make my misery less to me by dropping out your words one by one? Tell me the worst. What can there be worse than my father's death; his unhappy death; killed by his own hand, his poor, desperate hand? Tell me the truth. If you don't wish me to go mad, tell me the truth at once."

"I will, Eleanor, I will," the Signora answered gently. "I wish to tell you all. I wish that you should know the truth, and as it may be to hear. This is the great sorrow of your life, my dear, and it has fallen upon you very early. I hope you will try and bear it like a Christian."

Eleanor Vane shook her head with an impatient gesture.

"Don't talk to me of my sorrow," she cried, "what does it matter what I suffer? My father, my poor father, what must he have suffered before he did this dreadful act? Don't talk about me; tell me of him, and tell me the worst."

"I will, my darling, I will; but sit down, sit down, and try to compose yourself."

"No, I'll stand here till you have told me the truth. I'll not stir from this spot till I know all."

She disengaged herself from the Signora's supporting arm, and with her hand still resting on the chair, stood resolute, and almost defiant, before the old music-mistress and her nephew. I think the Signora and the scene-painter were both afraid of her, she looked so grand in her beauty and despair.

She seemed indeed, as she had said, no longer a child or a school-girl, but a woman, desperate and almost terrible in the intensity of her despair.

"Let me tell Eleanor the truth of this sad story," Richard said, "it may be told very briefly. When your father parted with you, Nelly, on the night of the 11th of August, he and the two men who were with him, went at once to an obscure cafe in one of the streets near the Barriere Saint Antoine. They were in the habit of going there, it seems, sometimes playing billiards in the large, open room on the ground floor, sometimes playing cards in a *cabinet particulier* on the entresol. Upon this night they went straight to the private room. It was about half-past nine when they went in. The waiter who attended upon them took them three bottles of Chambertin and a good deal of seltzer-water. Your father seemed in high spirits at first. He and the dark Englishman were playing ecarte, their usual game; and the Frenchman was looking over your father's hand, now and then advising his play, now and then applauding and encouraging him. All this came out upon inquiry. The Frenchman quitted the cafe at a little before twelve; your father and the young Englishman stayed till long after midnight, and towards one o'clock they were heard at high words, and almost immediately after one the Englishman went away, leaving your father, who sent the waiter for some brandy and writing materials. He wanted to write a letter before he left, he said."

The scene-painter paused, looking anxiously at the face of his listener. The rigid intensity of that pale, young face had undergone no change; the gray eyes, fixed and dilated, were turned steadily towards him.

"When the waiter took your father the things he had asked for, he found him sitting at the table with his face hidden in his hands. The man placed the brandy and writing materials upon the table, and then went away, but not before he had noticed a strange, faint smell—the smell of some drug, he thought; but he had no idea then what drug. The waiter went down stairs; all the ordinary frequenters of the place were gone, and the lights were out. The man waited up to let your father out, expecting him to come down stairs every moment. Three o'clock struck, and the waiter went up stairs upon the pretence of asking if anything was wanted. He found your father sitting very much as he had left him, except that this time his head was resting upon the table, which was scattered with torn scraps of paper. He was dead, Eleanor. The man gave the alarm directly, and a doctor came to give assistance, if any could have been given; but the drug which the waiter had smelt was opium, and your father had taken a quantity which would have killed the strongest man in Paris."

"Why did he do this?"

"I can scarcely tell you, my dear; but your poor father left, among the scraps of paper upon the table, one fragment much larger and more intelligible than the rest. It is evidently part of a letter addressed to you; but it is very wildly and incoherently worded; and you must remember that it was written under circumstances of great mental excitement."

"Give it me!"

Eleanor stretched out her hand with an authoritative gesture. Richard hesitated.

"I wish you to fully understand the nature of this letter before you read it, Eleanor; I wish—"

"You kept the story of my father's death from me out of mistaken kindness," the girl said, in an unfaltering voice; "I will try and remember how good you have been to me, so that I may forgive you that; but you cannot keep from me the letter that my father wrote to me before he died. That is mine, and I claim it."

"Let her see it, poor child," said the Signora.

Richard Thornton took a leather memorandum book from one of the pockets of his loose coat. There were several papers in this book. He selected one, and handed it silently to Eleanor Vane. It was a sheet of note-paper, written upon in her father's hand, but a part of it had been torn away.

Even had the whole of the letter been left, the writer's style was so wild and incoherent that it would have been no easy task to understand his meaning. In its torn and fragmentary state, this scrap of writing left by George Vane was only a scribble of confused and broken sentences. The sheet of paper had been torn from the top to the bottom, so that the end of each line was missing. The following broken lines were therefore all that Eleanor could decipher, and in these the words were blotted and indistinct.

My poor Eleanor,—My poor injured
worst your cruel sister, Hortensia Bannis
could not be bad enough. I am a thief
robbed and cheated my own
been decoyed to this hell upon cart
wretches who are base enough to
a helpless old man who had trusted
to be gentlemen. I cannot return
look in my child's face after
money which was to have
education. Better to die and rid
But my blood be upon the head of
who has cheated me this night out of
May he suffer as he has
never forget, Eleanor, never forget Robert Lan
murderer of your helpless old
a cheat and a villain who
some day live to revenge the fate
poor old father, who prays that God will
helpless old man whose folly
madness have

There was no more. These lines were spread over the first leaf of a sheet of note-paper; the second leaf, as well as a long strip of the first, had been torn away.

This was the only clue to the secret of his death which George Vane had left behind him.

Eleanor Vane folded the crumpled scrap of paper, and put it tenderly in her bosom. Then, falling on her knees, she clasped her hands, and lifted them towards the low ceiling of the little chamber.

"Oh, my God!" she cried; "hear the vow of a desolate creature, who has only one purpose left in life."

Signora Picirillo knelt down beside her, and tried to clasp her in her arms.

"My dear, my dear!" she pleaded; "remember how this letter was written—remember the state of your father's mind—"

"I remember nothing," answered Eleanor Vane, "except that my father tells me to revenge his murder. For he was murdered," she cried passionately, "if this money—this wretched money, which he would have died sooner than lose—was taken from him unfairly. He was murdered. What did the wretch who robbed him care what became of the poor broken-hearted, helpless old man whom he had wronged and cheated? What did he care? He left my father, left him in his desolation and misery; left him after having stripped and beggared him; left him to die in his despair. Listen to me, both of you, and remember what I say. I am very young, I know, but I have learnt to think and act for myself before to-day. I don't know this man's name, I never even saw his face; I don't know who he is, or where he comes from; but sooner or later I swear to be revenged upon him for my father's cruel death."

"Eleanor, Eleanor!" cried the Signora; "is this womanly? Is this Christian-like?"

The girl turned upon her. There was almost a supernatural light, now, in the dilated gray eyes. Eleanor Vane had risen from her knees, and stood with her slender figure drawn to its fullest height, her long auburn hair streaming over her shoulders, with the low light of the setting sun shining upon the waving tresses until they glittered like molten gold. She looked, in her desperate resolution and virginal beauty, like some young martyr of the middle ages waiting to be led to the rack.

"I don't know whether it is womanly or Christian-like," she said, "but I know that it is henceforward the purpose of my life, and that it is stronger than myself."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Little 'Un.—Charles Cronk, an employee on the Housatonic railroad, has a child nearly six months old, which now weighs about three pounds. When six weeks old a ladies' finger ring was slipped over its arm up to its shoulder.

☞ How Smith Formed His Library. Smith (to bookseller):—"It's no use bringing me these books to look at; I know nothing about them. Just measure and see how many it will take to fill the shelves. You may scatter some Bibles and Testaments among 'em, just to give a moral tone to the affair. And be sure and have plenty of gilding on the backs."

☞ The iron-clad Keokuk sunk at Charleston, was not an Ericsson monitor, but the invention of Mr. C. W. Whitney, of New York.

☞ The cedars of Lebanon, it is stated, do not exceed four hundred. There are none of recent growth, as the goats browse on the twigs. Of their age, Hooker, the eminent botanist, says none of them are over five hundred years, but this is refuted by another who professes to know, who says that several of them have been *identified* as the very ones described by the Crusaders.

TEA GROWING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A gentleman who came from Tioga Co., Pennsylvania, on Saturday last, informed us that the citizens of Rutland, in that county, were considerably excited over the discovery of a plant or herb which grows in that vicinity, which they claim to be an excellent substitute for the Chinese tea. They call it the Mountain Tea. It grows to the height of about eighteen inches, upon high lands. Quantities of this plant have been gathered by the Rutlandites, who have taken it to market and sold it to merchants who have mixed it with the Chinese teas, which it is said to resemble very much.—*Elmira Press.*

We have for some time been aware of the existence of a large tract of land in Ottawa county, on which genuine tea is claimed to be growing. One gentlemen who owns a farm on which the herb is indigenous, says that his attention was first called to it by a native Chinese, who said it was genuine China Tea Plant. The gentleman uses it on his table, and no one detects it from the imported article. A gentleman of the Medical profession, residing in Crawford county, informed us that he had tested the Ottawa tea and pronounced it genuine. If these statements are correct, Pennsylvania may soon be independent of the Celestials, so far as tea is concerned.—*Williamsport Bulletin.*

☞ Milk is regularly manufactured in and about Liverpool, England, and travelling merchants, with the ingredients for sale, realize a guinea a day by the traffic.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been dull and unsettled during the entire week. The transactions for shipment only reach about 7000 bbls in lots at $5,75@6,50 for low grade and selected superfine; $6,62½@7,25 for extra, the latter for good Lancaster county; $7@7,75 for extra family; $8@8,50 for fancy Ohio, and $9@9,50 for high grade do. Rye Flour has been rather more active, and 300 bbls sold at $4@5,75. Corn Meal is inquired for, and Penna Meal is scarce and wanted at $4,25. A sale of 400 bbls Brandywine was made at a price kept private.

GRAIN comes in slowly, but the demand for Wheat is limited, the sales only reach about 27,000 bus at $1,65@1,70 for fair to good and choice Western and Penna red in store, and from $1,75 to 1,93 for common and choice white, including 3000 bus Kentucky at $1,90@1,93. Rye is unsettled and selling in lots on arrival at $1@1,02 for Delaware, and $1,05@1,06 for Penna. Corn has been in fair demand, with sales of some 48,000 bus, mostly yellow, at 82@86c, in store and afloat, and white at 90@91c. Oats are also less active and unsettled, with sales of about 35,000 bus to note at 58@59c, weight, and 53@55c, measure. Of Barley we note sales at $1,48@1,50, the latter for prime Northern.

PROVISIONS—The market is very inactive. Mess Pork is quoted at $15½@16, and Beef at $12@15 ₱ bbl for Western and City Mess; some 3000 bbls of the former sold for army stores on terms kept private, and 100 do Beef Rounds at $17@17½. Bacon moves off as wanted at 11@12c for plain and fancy Hams, with sales of 600 casks at these rates, and 6½@6¾c for Sides. Green Meats are quiet at 5½@5¾c for Shoulders, 6¼@6½c for Sides, 7¼@7¾c for Hams in salt, and 8½@9¼c in pickle. Lard is generally held at 11c for prime Western tes, and dull, and 300 pkgs sold at 10¾@10¾c, cash; irregular pkgs at 10@10¼c, and kegs at 12¼@13¼c. Butter is arriving and selling slowly at 22@24c for roll. Cheese is scarce, but quiet at 13@14c ₱ lb. Eggs are dull and lower, and offered at 16@17c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market continues unsettled and dull; the week's sales have been limited to some 300 bales, partly sold by auction within the range of 50@66c, cash, for middlings.

ASHES continue steady, and the sales of both kinds moderate.

BARK—Quercitron has declined, and about 80 hhds 1st No 1 sold at $35. Of Tanning Bark sales are reported at $16 and $17 for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is unchanged, with moderate offerings and sales at 46@47c ₱ lb.

COAL—Orders come in freely. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $3@3,25; Prepared do $3@3,25; Red Ash do $3@3,25; Lehigh Lump do $5,50; Prepared do $5,50; by retail do $6,50; Schuylkill Prepared do, $6.

COFFEE—The stock on sale continues very light, with sales of 600 bags, mostly Rio, in small lots, at 29½@32½c, and Laguayra at 35c, cash and 6 mos.

COPPER is dull. Of Yellow Metal we notice sales of Sheets at 30c and Bolts at 32c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 45@47c ₱ lb, the latter for prime Western.

FRUIT is in limited demand at previous quotations, and the sales of dried Apples and Peaches are very small.

HAY is selling from the yards at $1,10@1,35, and baled Hay at 95c@$1,05 the 100 lbs.

HEMP is dull and unsettled; a sale of Western is reported at $180 ₱ ton.

HOPS are inactive, with a limited business doing in Eastern and Western at 23@25c ₱ ₱ for first sort.

IRON—The market continues very inactive, and the demand for Pig Metal limited at previous quotations. Scotch Pig is selling in a small way only at $30@40 ₱ ton. In Manufactured there is no change.

LEAD continues unsettled and dull.

LUMBER—The market is quite active at $23 @23 for White Pine; $20@22 for Yellow Pine, and $12@13 for Lehigh Hemlock Boards. Hemlock Scantling is arriving and selling freely at $9@10 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firm and inactive; sales of about 1200 bbls New Orleans, mostly by auction, at 56 @58c, 6 mos.

PLASTER is less active, and is quoted at $4@ @5¼ ₱ ton.

RICE—The firm and prices are ¼c better, with light offerings and sales of Rangoon at 7¼@8c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There has been some little demand for Clover seed, with sales of about 1500 bus to note at $5,25@5,75 ₱ bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is steady but quiet at $1,75@2, and Flaxseed at $3,25@3,4 ₱ bus, the latter for recleaned Seed for sowing.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in Brandy and Gin and prices are nominally unchanged. N E Rum sells slowly at 65@66c. Whiskey is lower; bbls selling at 46@47c, and Drudge at 44@45c.

SUGAR—The market is firm but inactive, and the sales reach only some 800 hhds in lots at 9¾ @11¼c for Cuba, and 8¾@12¼c for New Orleans, cash and 4 mos.

TALLOW—The market is unsettled, country is quoted at 10½@11c, and city at 11¼@11¾c ₱ lb. The sales reach about 150,000 lbs.

TOBACCO continues very quiet and the prices of both Leaf and Manufactured are unsettled.

WOOL—The market is firm but very quiet; the transactions have been limited to a few small lots within the range of 80@100c for common to fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1641 head. The prices realized were from 9 to 13 cts ₱ lb. 120 Cows brought from $15 to 30 ₱ head. 2800 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 10c ₱ lb gross. 1200 Hogs at from $7,50 to 8,75 ₱ cwt, net.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO FOR THE WAR.

Many an earnest, pleading letter comes to us from town and country, written by women whose hearts are full of tears for their country's misery and of aspirations for their country's welfare, praying for some channel through which their devotion may pour itself out in deeds. We read these letters not with sadness that women can do so little, but with gladness that they can do so much.

* * * * *

That women can do so little for the war —is this the cause of their complaint? It cannot be: for, leaving the actual army work out of the account, they do actually more than the men. Whence come the boundless supplies for the Sanitary Commission and other societies which have in charge the welfare of the troops? From the women of the country. How are the numberless hospitals kept furnished with nurses, watchers, readers, comforters? By the women. By whom are the young men incited, yea, driven often, to the field? By the women—the sisters, wives, lovers, who shame the laggards in many instances to their duty. The difficulty cannot be that women have not opportunities enough for impulses in connection with the war. They have almost every facility. This is sufficiently proved by the fact that the war has roused them to such prodigious efforts as they are making. Their moral batteries play with superb effect on the two points of terminus. They furnish a great measure of the pure enthusiasm by which the war spirit, in its noblest aspect, is kindled and fed. And they furnish nearly the whole of the tender devotion which takes the sick and wounded from the field, and restores them to life. They are last at the cross with their hearts full of self-surrender—and first at the grave with their hands full of bandages, oil and wine. There is no end to the work women may do at either place. There is something for all of them, and enough for all. Many men complain with reason of their own uselessness—the only thing men can do being to fight; and that is a thing some are either unable to do from physical weakness, or are forbidden to do by domestic relations.

Shall we be thought ungenerous if we suggest that some portion of the noble dissatisfaction of women proceeds from a sort of contempt of the kind of work they do? It is not flashy; but surely it is noble, is it not? Is it not as noble to heal hurts as to make them, to scrape lint as to bruise skin, to wield the creating needles as to flourish the desolating swords, to mend garments as to tear them in shreds, to sit and read an hour by the bedside of a dying soldier as to leave him stabbed and dying in the dust? Who was it that said, "It is better to save life than destroy it." Believe this, and the work of women becomes not only the most beautiful but the most glorious work of the war. We bless them daily that they are qualified and willing to do it.—*The Independent.*

The agents of the Commission bear testimony to the worth of *those* female nurses *whose sense and experience* render their services invaluable in the field. Of course, there are some who had better have remained at home, for it is not every woman who "takes to nursing the sick as if born to it," as was said of one of those indefatigable volunteer nurses—a lady, who at the breaking out of the war left the comforts of her pleasant home, and has held herself day and night since at the service of our sick and wounded soldiers. One who witnessed her deeds during the seven days' battle, who appreciated the energy, skill and presence of mind, which she showed in superintending the transportation and distribution of her stores at that terrible time—her indifference to her own comfort, and her unwearied labors, said, "I thought her the most heroic woman that I had ever met." The name of "Mrs. Harris" will be held sacred in thousands of homes; and Philadelphia may well be as proud of her labors as England of Florence Nightingale's.

We reprint the following to show something of what Western women are doing in the army of the Cumberland:—

It is some time since Mrs. Tinkham and Mrs. Hosmer volunteered to visit the Board of Trade regiments and battery of Chicago, and to that end were supplied with means by the Board of Trade. These ladies, after having visited hospital and camp, and ministered to the necessities of the living and the dying, have returned and made a report to the Board of Trade, for which the War Fund Committee of that body returned them a vote of thanks. After a description of their journey, which was not accomplished without great exposure and fatigue, and after speaking of the reception they met with at the different camps, and finally of their arrival at Murfreesboro and the warm welcome given to them by the surgeons, they proceed to say:—

"The surgeons granted us free access to the hospitals at all hours, and left the treatment of both sick and wounded, in respect to diet, entirely to our judgment. We cannot commend too warmly the generous confidence and gentlemanly bearing towards us of the surgeons of each and every hospital. Through their kind permission and aid, we were enabled to soothe the dying hours of many of our brave men, and contribute to the restoration to health of many who are now living, some of whom are again in the field, ready and anxious to risk their lives for the restoration of our glorious Union.

"We received but three boxes of supplies from the Committee, and these were of clothing, and none, until just before our departure; but the doors of the Sanitary Commission were thrown open to us, and out of their abundant stores we were permitted to take whatever, in our judgment, would promote the recovery of both sick and wounded. It would be impossible for us to convey to you by words any just and adequate impression of the great and good work being done by this noble charity. It is the great reservoir into which flow the gifts of the good and generous, and the means by which they are concentrated, and from which they are distributed to the suffering. By means of this association, nearly all the gifts of the people designed for the sick and suffering, reach their destination with certainty, whilst without some such organization nearly all would be lost or wasted."

The following, from the pen of one who has just come up from the front, in reference to the new organization of the U. S. Sanitary Commission Relief Agency for the army of the Potomac, will be read with interest:

Instead of moving as before in a distinct train, with the Army, but not of it, the stores of the Commission are hereafter to be carried in Ambulances, detailed from each Division for the purpose. With each Army Corps will go one "inspector," and one or more coadjutors, and three wagons—one wagon for each Division. Each Corps will be independent of the rest, (of course all under one chief, just as in the army itself,) and each wagon will keep closely to its Division, so that as soon as an engagement is begun, the wagon will be upon the ground, and the Agent will have his stock of stores to distribute. By detailing certain men thus to certain posts, they will be able more surely to make themselves acquainted with the wants of those to whom they are assigned, and also to become personally known.

What are the stores to be taken in the wagons? Those chiefly which are not furnished at all by Government—delicacies for the sick and wounded, and extra clothing, quilts and blankets. Of the first are—stimulants, brandy, whiskey and wine, chocolate, tea, condensed milk, beef essence, corn starch and fruits, tin basins and cups, sponges, towels, old linen pillow cases, shirts, drawers and stockings. Each class of articles will have a place in the wagon, so as most readily to be got at.

The Medical Department of the Army has very kindly given every possible assistance; and it is hoped that ample supplies may after this be had wherever wanted.

The need of stores is very great—the supply has never been sufficiently abundant, and the coming campaign will make immense demands. Let every one *make haste* to do all that is possible to replenish the storehouses of the Commission as fast as they are emptied. As I write this the march is begun; no time is to be lost. Let us work while it is called to-day. G. C. L.

The "Women's Pennsylvania Branch" will pay the freight on all boxes sent to them.

The supplies most needed at present for sending to distant points are:—

Corn starch,
Pickles,
Wine—imported,
Wine—home-made.

We have a request from Surgeon Hotchkin that all old muslin and linen shall be sent without tearing into bandages or scraping into lint.

TO EDITORS.

Editors in all parts of the country, who will copy in their papers, articles from these Sanitary Commission columns, will receive the grateful thanks of the "Women's Pennsylvania Branch;" for although it may not increase the supplies of our particular branch, it helps the cause.

☞ Madame Gamp, of Paris, (no Mrs. Harris, remember, but a real person), was condemned for the murder of no less than sixty infants, and executed on the 28th of May, 1672. "A gibbet was erected, under which a fire was made, and the prisoner being brought to the place of execution, was hung up in a large iron cage, in which were also placed sixteen wild cats, which had been caught in the woods for that purpose. When the heat of the fire became unendurable, the cats flew upon the woman, as the cause of the intense pain they felt. In about fifteen minutes—" But that surely is enough.

☞ As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but never can be so in mind.—*Cicero.*

☞ A NEW ANIMAL.—"Is that animal a biped or a quadruped?" asked one of the visitors at a circus, one day, of a by-stander.

"I think, sir," said an evident student of Natural History, with bulging eyes, and green spectacles, "that the gentleman who shows the animals called it a *kangarooped!*"

☞ SETTLING.—"Bob, have you settled that affair with Simpkins yet?" "Yes; he kicked me down stairs last week, and since that he has stopped bothering me." Bob's ideas of "bothering" are certainly original.

☞ The chivalric Turpin, so celebrated in song and fiction, is in sober prose a brutal ruffian, who places a most respectable elderly lady on the fire, to persuade her to reveal the hiding-place of her silver spoons; who drinks to such a degree that he forgets his professional engagements, and who robs poor servant-girls in spite of the merciful entreaties of his own companions.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ A HIGH SCHOOL.—A schoolmaster "who is abroad"—out West, of course—lately sent to a stillhouse near the schoolhouse, and getting a jug filled, "gin a treat" to his scholars. Quite a "muss" followed this, and some of the parties got into the "jug" in earnest. The teacher's excuse was, that he was tired of teaching a common school, and thought he would try how a high school would go.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of Dec. by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. GEORGE J. STARK, to Miss MARY VIRGINIA, daughter of Hudson Greenleaf, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Sergt. NATHANIEL GILPIN, Co. A, 138th regt. P. V., to Miss ANNIE R. VANDERSLICE, daughter of Jacob and Martha Vanderslice, both of this city.

On the 1st of March, by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. SAMUEL T. SWEET, to Miss EMMA F. BODINE, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Dan. Gaston, Capt. HENRY WHERRELL, 26th regt. P. V., to Miss MARY J. WHITESIDE, of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JAMES WALLACE, to Miss MARY E. GAW, daughter of Jason Gaw, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by his Honor, Mayor Henry, EDWIN T. COXE, to CORILLA, eldest daughter of Spencer Lawrence, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Gamble, ROBERT JOHNSON, to Miss MARGARET A. GETTY.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st ultimo, MARY BOWEN, wife of Philip Bowen, in her 40th year.

On the 21st ultimo, CATHARINE A. BALLOR, aged 33 years.

On the 31st ultimo, MRS. SARAH FERGUSON, wife of Wm. Ferguson, Sr.

On the 30th ultimo, ENOS CHAPMAN, in his 56th year.

On the 20th ultimo, MRS. CATHERINE FULTON, in her 56th year.

On the 20th ultimo, MR. ALVA MASON, in his 76th year.

On the 19th ultimo, JOANNA, wife of the late Geo. W. Painter.

On the 19th ultimo, JOSEPH B. son of the late Wm. P. and Isabel Hanna, aged 28 years.

On the 18th ultimo, ALEXANDER MOORE, in his 33d year.

On the 18th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES HOOVER, in his 29th year.

On the 17th ultimo, CAROLINE M. SIMPSON, wife of Ephraim R. Simpson, aged 33 years.

On the 17th ultimo, JONATHAN THOMAS, in his 31st year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 25, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi,	
Canada,	6½ prem.	Missouri,	5 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	1 dis.	New Jersey,	par to 1 dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	par.
Georgia,	60 dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	60 dis.
Indiana,	1 to 1 dis.	Nova Scotia,	15 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1 dis.	Virginia,	50 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	2 dis.

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Editor Rural New Yorker,
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All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

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NOT ALCOHOLIC.

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Will effectually cure
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice,
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys,
and all diseases arising from a
Liver or Stomach
Complaint.

These Bitters do not contain Rum, Whiskey, Brandy or Alcohol, but are entirely Vegetable, and the most pure and valuable medical qualities of the roots, herbs and barks are extracted therefrom by a chemical process in my own laboratory, without the use of spirits, and are entirely free from any impurities whatever. In them will be found the best remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Fever and Ague, Jaundice, Diseases of the Kidneys, Nervous Debility, and Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach.

Among the many thousands who use them, a few only will be required from persons residing in every city in the United States. Their certificates are strong and unsolicited testimonials of their value, and are entitled to the confidence of the afflicted.

Certificates from Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, and Citizens, of the highest standing and character, can be had on application.

Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects of

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

IN THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS:

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO
BRACE YOU UP?
DO YOU HAVE A RUSHING OR BLUSHING SENSATION?
DO YOU HAVE NERVOUS CONVULSIONS?
DO YOU FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT A HEARTY AND VIGOROUS
PRELIMINARY?

If so, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D.D.,
EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines, I deem it a matter of duty in some cases to do so. Your Bitters are highly recommended to me by physicians and others, as a pure tonic, and as a good substitute for spirituous liquors. I see no reason why a man may not take your Bitters as a beverage, if he chooses, and I have myself prescribed it in some instances, and have found it to answer well. I therefore, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others, add my name to the list.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them before examining the ingredients that they were chiefly or entirely composed of, and I am satisfied that there is no objection to their use on the ground of containing alcohol in any injurious form, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of health and vigor of body and mind which I had not for six months before enjoyed; but a return of pain in the limbs, and bad stomach, deprived of sleep, induced me to try them again, and my friend for directions as to the use of them.

J. NEWTON BROWN.

Philadelphia, June 28, 1861.

FROM THE REV. JOS. H. KENNARD, PASTOR OF THE PENN SQUARE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—I have been frequently requested to recommend some of the many preparations of different kinds of medicine now in use, regarding the panacea as one of no appropriate sphere. I am not aware that I ever complied, but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart from my usual custom, to express my full conviction that *for general debility of the stomach, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and curative preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually it does not. It will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. I am, very truly yours,

J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth below Chestnut Street, Phila.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, and sold at a low price. The cheapest whiskey or common rum comes from no less notable a place, the back dooor—sold by Auctioneers and Grocers.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they be sold, more sickness and death of the drunkard. Try their use the restore to hope continuously under the influence of Alcoholic stimulus of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is—a ruined constitution and often a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire and will HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following, and will GUARANTEE ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and will CHALLENGE a presentation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtue and true tonic excellence any other Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS THAN ONE DOLLAR. Hoofland's German Bitters HAVE BEEN IN CONNECTION WITH A GOOD whiskey, Liquor, sell our whole price less than their inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of our readers and friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure more cases of Chronic Diarrhœa by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the late, protracted, stormy season, with the advance of the army, it will be noticed that a very large proportion were suffering from Diarrhœa. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Instances resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are frequently met with, and we have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life, to use his own words, was saved by the Bitters.

PHILADELPHIA, August 2d, 1862.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters have done their work, and I am no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whom were with me in prison, who were but a counterpart of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been, a sufferer for years; a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my military services, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the Liver and Bowels, and was for a long time in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, being debarred by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House and sent to this city on board of the steamer New Massachusetts, where I landed on the 30th of June. Since that time I have been about as one in a dream, for I had not strength or a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely conscious of what was or anything else, and as I lay down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a drop of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances, and accordingly the physicians gave me up. Every thing that was administered, by request, would be thrown up. My friends, however, thought differently, for they could not do more for me, and administered to my every want, and to make such disposition as they wanted funds as best suited me. An acquaintance of mine was then in the hospital; Mr. Frederick Steinmetz, of Sixth below Wood, and

Wit and Humor.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Why do young ladies put their hands in the pockets of their cloaks and sacques when promenading, and thus incur the penalty of a vulgar habit, and a stoop too decided even to please the most fervent admirers of the "Grecian bend?" Why do ladies who wear stylish Balmoral petticoats, or the even more chaste-looking white ones with ample skirts and delicately worked borders, hold up their outer garments at so great a height, while those who are less luxuriously provided, keep theirs down with invincible prudishness? Why do young men who never smoke gunpowder and never mean to, wear undress military caps, and assume a military strut, as they parade the street? Why do other young men, who affect to be gentlemen (Heaven save the mark!) smoke cigars as they walk with ladies—can it be because they fancy they add to their attractions or reputation for refinement by so doing? Why do gin palaces flaunt in gorgeous array, and sport magnificent mirrors in front of the rubicund noses and inflamed visages of their mottled victims? Why do undertakers wear an habitually solemn face, and modulate their tones, in the most commonplace conversation, even to the minor key of subdued and sympathizing grief? Why do apothecaries dress off their windows with show bottles of green, blue, and crimson, that are never touched except to restore the fading hues of their garish liquids? Why do dealers pretend to be "selling off at cost," and constantly replenish their stocks, to again incur the like "tremendous sacrifices?" Why do charcoal venders, the soap-fat man, the fishmongers, and the whole tribe of itinerant hawkers and peddlers indulge in cries that no one can understand and few interpret? Why are railroad understrappers, whether at stations or in carriages, always morose, uncommunicative, and chary of anything but foul and blasphemous language? Why do policemen stand idly all the day long in sunny corners in winter, or shady ones in summer, and suffer the law to be broken with impunity? Why, in fine, is it that

"All things are not as they seem,"

and that men sacrifice so devotedly and unremittingly to the false god, Sham?

THE WRONG HAT.

A contemporary relates the following:—

Our esteemed friend, David P. McBrien, Esq., of New York, tells a good note on a Jersey lawyer. The hero of our sketch, during the last hot summer months, used to occasionally worship at the shrine of Gambrinus, (Lager King,) on Broadway. One sweltering day he got pretty "mellow," having moistened his thorax too much with the German beverage, and proceeded to navigate to his law office. He took up a substantial looking white hat, and with rather a puzzled look was making an attempt to put it on *sideways*. Of course it wouldn't fit. He looked inside, holding it up toward the light, and read aloud, "Jonas Shooter, Esq., Attorney at Law, Jersey City."

(*Sol. ing.*)—"That's my hat—of course it is."

Another attempt to put it on sideways—no use; again taking it off, and again read, "Jonas Shooter, Esq., &c."

After another trial, and finding it didn't fit, the gentleman commenced feeling all over his head, evidently as if to assure himself that no protuberance had suddenly declared itself. Having satisfied himself on that point, he once more read the address, had another trial, and still sideways. There he stood, perfectly mystified; but an idea lighted up his face, and he called the waiter, whom he apostrophised thus—

"Can you read writing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, will you be good enough to tell me whose hat this is?"

Herman took the head-case, and having read, said—

"It belongs to Jonas Shooter, Esq., Jersey City."

"Does it?" and looking all around, with the most comical air in the world, exclaimed —"does it?—*then who in the (his) mischief am I?*"

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

"Our acquaintance W—— had, a few years since, a female ancestor on the maternal side, who, although residing in the vicinity of Mobile for a lifetime, had never yet been there. After repeated solicitations, however, she was induced to pay the family a visit. Her grandson, young W——, then a boy of fifteen, but who already exhibited that peculiar faculty for perpetrating 'practical jokes' which characterizes him yet, persuaded the cook to place a large dish of boiled crabs before the old lady, well knowing that she had never before set her eyes on one. Upon seating herself at the table, the unusual dish attracted her attention. Carefully drawing her spectacles from their case, she adjusted them firmly on her nose, and took a long stare at the singular-looking 'edibles;' at last, seizing a fork, she made a desperate thrust at one of them, exclaiming, with a long breath—

"'Heavens and yearth, who ever seen sich spiders before?'"

THE BANE OF EARTHLY BLISS.

He was a youth of fashion's fuss,
Of form Apollo-like—and wore
A suit of clothes that showed each grace
Of nature, never matched before.

A lovely girl sat by his side,
And faithful, too, she was as fair;
Full soon would she become his bride,
A life of mutual love to share.

'Twas in the dining-room they sat,
And on the table were neatly spread
Oysters and woodcocks, sweet and fat,
And pale champagne, and claret red.

Young, healthy, rich, loving and loved—
Was not that gallant happy?—No!
He gazed upon the feast unmoved,
And not one tender smile did throw.

He was not jealous; not the smart
Of keen remorse had touched his breast,
Yet on his brow and in his heart
Were sable gloom and wild unrest.

Strange seems his woe; yet wonder not
That he should feel and look so sadly,
For deep affliction was his lot;
Alas! he had the *toothache* badly!

THE following explanation is as clear as mud! A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by his children, "what made the boat go?" when he gave them a minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words—"You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole and fastens the jigmaree, and that connects with the crinkum-crankum; and then, that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the—what do-you-call-it with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

THE WORKING WOMEN OF FRANCE

The great misfortune of French villages is the degradation of the women through labors which belong to men. In their earliest years they tend the flocks and gather in the harvest. As young girls, an instinct of coquetry, and the foresight of their mothers, remove them from the rude fatigues of husbandry; but no sooner do they marry, than all is changed; they abandon the house, and follow their husbands into the fields. You see them bowed to earth, as laborers, or laden with enormous weights, like beasts of burden. There are districts in France where they are harnessed to carts with the ox and the ass. From that time their skin becomes shrivelled, their complexions like coal, their features coarse and homely, and they fall into premature decrepitude, more hideous than that of old age. But, whilst thus performing the labors of men, their own labors—those labors which sweeten and refine all others—remain neglected or unknown. Nothing can be more filthy, nothing more unwholesome, than the interior of their cottages. Fowls, ducks, pigs, contending for a meal; the door opening into the mud, and the windows, where there are any, serving only as ventholes to carry off the smoke. It is there, nevertheless, in a hole miry as the hut of a savage, amidst the gruntings and fetid emanations that, every evening, two human beings, male and female, repose from the fatigues of the day. Nobody is there to receive them, nothing to flatter their regards, the table is empty, and the hearth cold as ice. There, lastly, other labors await the woman, and, before thinking of her husband's supper, or the care of her children, she must think of the stable and of supper for the beasts.

If asked for examples of these things, we will cite whole provinces, the richest as well as the poorest, of France; Perigord, where the women live in a state of filth and abjectness, which reacts on the whole family; Picardy and Limousin, where, degraded to the lowest rank, and as of an inferior race, they serve their husband at table, without ever daring to take a place by his side; Brescia, where they are mere laborers, mere beasts of burden; lastly, Lower Brittany, where husband, wife and children, reduced to a state almost savage, live all, pell-mell, in the same filthy chamber, and eat black bread in the same trough with their sheep and hogs. Everywhere is the degradation of the women a sure proof of the brutishness of the men a necessary consequence and reaction from the degradation of the women. Do not offer them comfort or well-being; they would reject it as something useless or strange. To desire comfort, it is necessary for them to know what comfort is, and ages have passed over their cabins without leaving there any other thoughts than those of labor and wretchedness.

☞ INDIAN ARROWS.—The California Indians poison their arrows by irritating a rattlesnake and then thrusting forward a fresh deer's liver, which it will bite. After it has bitten repeatedly, the latter is buried and allowed to putrefy. It is then dug up, the arrow head is dipped in it and allowed to dry. An arrow thus poisoned will kill a man, a horse, or an ox, in twenty-four hours, or less time.

☞ An Irishman seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise—"By the Saint O'Dists O'Bligo! is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any living crather?"

YOUTHFUL ARTIST.—"Do you sell anatomical plates, mam?"
OLD LADY.—"Bless the boy! no; we don't keep no crockery here!"

STRUGGLE WITH A MAD DOG.

The following is from a letter of Thomas Fowell Buxton to his wife:—

As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at S. Hoare's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince, that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hamstead, I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys and a man.

Of course I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him or kill him, or to drive him into some out-house, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast; happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off toward London, and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity to stop him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do, having seen him do so much in the few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden Town and London, and at length, considering that if ever there was an occasion which justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck. He bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad.

When I seized the dog, he writes, more particularly, his struggles were so desperate that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam, which was pouring from his mouth, in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch and do me injury; so, with great difficulty, I held him with one hand, while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with my other, and at last the gardener opened the door, saying:—"What do you want?" "I've brought you a mad dog," replied I; and telling him to get a strong chain, I walked into the yard, carrying the dog by the neck. I was determined not to kill him, as I thought if he should prove not to be mad, it would be such a satisfaction to the persons whom he had bitten. I made the gardener (who was in a terrible fright) secure the collar round his neck, and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me, and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me, but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. That day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam that gushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again.

The next day I went to see him. I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; when I pulled off the fork, he sprang up and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two. He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad.

☞ Tongues are apt to be unruly, for as we can't see them, it is impossible to keep a watch on them.

Agricultural.

THE VALUE OF FARM LANDS FROM 1826 TO THE PRESENT DAY.

The farms that were in 1826 worth $50 per acre, are now worth $120 per acre, with the value of the improvements the same. The advance has been gradual: for instance, the farm that A appraised at that time at $50 per acre, was in 1836 sold at $80; sold again in 1854 for $114; and again in February, 1863, at $122½ per acre. Since the last sale $10 advance has been offered and refused.

It is said that a farmer cannot realize more than 4 per cent. on his investment. Suppose A bought a farm in 1826 for $50, and sells it in 1863 for $120 per acre, does he not realize 8 per cent. interest for his money from the time of the purchase?

In forty years' experience I have not known an instance where a farmer purchasing at these prices has not realized more than fourfold this amount. I give as an instance a farmer purchasing a farm in 1814, for $25,000; he paid an interest on $20,000; his estate was wound up in 1833, and was worth $40,000.

It is also said that a renter cannot afford to pay more than 4 per cent; and the reason is very plain. About every three years, on an average, for various causes he has to move. In this process, besides the loss and expense, he loses about two months of the very vital part of the season. He don't get his crops in in time; he is annoyed with the worms and birds destroying his plants. If he keeps a dairy, his cows will not do as well; besides, many other inconveniences which always attend a renter. Rented farms, too, have generally large bodies of timber-land, which is also reckoned in the 4 per cent.

Owing to the great improvements in machinery, farm land is worth almost double the amount it was ten years ago. The cost of working a farm of 250 acres with machinery, is a saving of one-half, besides it enables you to get your crops in in time. At the present day a large farm can be worked to a much better advantage than a small one.

The products of a 200-acre farm, on an average, is as follows:

RECEIPTS.

30 acres of corn, at 70 bushels per acre, 3,100 bushels, at 70 cents,	$1,470
30 acres of oats, at 50 bushels per acre, 1,500 bushels, at 50 cents,	750
30 acres wheat, at 25 bushels per acre, 750 bushels, at $1,50,	1,125
50 acres grass, at 2½ tons per acre, 125 tons, at $12,	1,500
50 cows, at $50 each,	2,500
50 pigs, at $5 each,	250
	$7,595

EXPENSES.

5 hands, at $250 a year,	$1,250
4 horses, at $200 each,	800
1 pair oxen, at $50,	50
50 cows, at $25 each,	1,250
Incidental expenses and loss on stock, which will cover everything,	500
	$3,850
Leaving a neat balance of	$3,745

Every judicious, managing farmer ought to do this. My calculations are not based on the serpentine, slate, isinglass, white gravel, or the clayey flat lands, but on the rolling, gray-rock soil.

The erection of the Farmers' Market has added largely to the value of the Chester and Delaware county farms. These farms are now the pride of the county, the lords of the soil; every one takes the greatest pains to store his stall with the choicest products of his farm.

There is a great, growing evil which, if not remedied soon, will prove a serious disadvantage to the farmer as well as the citizen: that is the destruction of our stock cattle and *three-days old calves*; which are bought at low prices, and slaughtered and sold on the curbstone market, on the pretence of belonging to farmers.

A CHESTER COUNTY FARMER.

—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS.

It is stated that tapioca can be successfully produced in California. It is made from the manioc, or manidioc plant (*Jatropha manihot*), which grows spontaneously upon most of the islands of the South Pacific, and the natives use it largely for food, preparing it in a very rude way. The roots are grated and the fibre of the pulp washed out, leaving the starch in the bottom of the canoe, where the operation is performed. After draining the water off until the tapioca gets of the consistency of dough, it is made into small balls and exposed to the sun, which, drying them, cracks them to pieces, it appearing like flour. The tapioca of commerce is produced in the same way, though by a process of washing combining more skill and expedition.

FIGS are grown to a large extent in California for consumption fresh from the tree, and small lots have been dried and packed for market at a profit to the producer.

CITRON grow well, but as yet have not been cured to any extent, except for family use. All the Eastern states could be supplied with this article, which we now import, from fruit grown in the state of California.

RAISINS can also be produced in large quantities, if the price would justify. At present, the grapes are worth more for the table, or in wine, than for raisins, counting the greater cost of labor to dry them.

PRUNES of the finest variety can also be produced, and in time will be at a profit.

ALMONDS, of the hard shell variety, grow all over the state, and soft-shelled ones in the south part of it; and in some of the warmest localities *nutmegs* and *mace* have been produced to some extent.

A California editor thinks that the State might retain $400,000 per annum by producing the things named, and also dried apples and peaches, and peanuts and filberts, which it now imports from foreign countries, to say nothing of the much larger sum it might receive from the other states, by growing all that it is capable of producing.

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR CORNS.—For the benefit of those who hobble through the world under the affliction of corns we publish the following, which is said to be a thorough cure: "A little white bread soaked in vinegar, applied to the corn night and morning, will remove it in a short time. I have tried it, and four applications cured my corns." We would suggest that the soaked bread be laid on as a poultice, a piece of oilskin being bound on to keep it moist.

TO CLEAN TIN COVERS.—Get the finest whiting; mix a little of it powdered with the least drop of sweet oil, rub the covers well with it, and wipe them clean; then dust over them some dry whiting in a muslin bag, and rub bright with dry leather. This last is to prevent rust, which the cook must guard against by wiping them dry, and putting them by the fire when they come from the parlor; but if once hung up damp the inside will rust.

TO CLEAN BRITANNIA METAL.—Rub the article with a piece of flannel moistened with sweet oil; then apply a little pounded rotten-stone or polishing paste with the finger, till the polish is produced; then wash the article with soap and hot water, and when dry, rub with soft wash-leather, and a little fine whiting.

TO CLEAN PEWTER.—Scour it with fine white sand, and strong ley made with wood-ashes, soda, or pearl-ash; then rinse the pewter in clean water, and set it to drain. The best method, however, is to use the oil of tartar and sand.

SYRUP FOR COOKING.—In making gingerbread with sorghum molasses, mix the soda with the molasses; then warm, stir till light, then mix with flour in the usual way, which will make light bread.

DANGEROUS PLEASURES.—I have sat upon the seashore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that. He who measured it with His hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well-nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of inviting pleasure till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his foot, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—*Basil Montague.*

☞ THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT.—Says a scientific writer, "To obtain some idea of the immensity of the Creator's works, let us look through Lord Rosse's telescope, and we discover a star in the infinite depths of space, whose light is 3,500,000 years in travelling to our earth, moving at the velocity of twelve millions of miles in the minute. And behold, God was there."

The Riddler.

A "GENERAL" ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.

My 20, 14, 6, 7, 12, is a Union General.
My 10, 51, 43, 4, was a Union General.
My 1, 25, 36, 15, 9, 16, 12, 2, 8, is a Union General.
My 6, 5, 11, 26, 30, is a Union General.
My 22, 25, 4, 49, 55, is a Union General.
My 29, 31, 34, 10, 19, 18, 43, is a Union General.
My 48, 31, 33, 40, 22, 8, 49, is a Union General.
My 26, 39, 54, 37, 35, 34, 27, 5, 20, is a Union General.
My 31, 38, 4, 25, 13, 45, 46, 28, 35, 10, 44, is a Union General.
My 13, 47, 4, 15, is a Union General.
My 39, 53, 23, 28, 53, is a Union General.
My 24, 42, 5, 44, 23, 3, 36, is a rebel General.
My 3, 39, 50, 43, 23, 47, 5, is a rebel General.
My 50, 17, 12, 16, is a rebel General.
My 33, 5, 39, 32, 26, is a rebel General.

My whole is a great Union General.

Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 19, 23, 17, 3, 26, is very wrong.
My 12, 5, 6, 29, 1, means to cleave.
My 9, 10, 28, 24, is a part of a dollar.
My 4, 25, 19, 8, 22, 13, 6, is a species of dogs.
My 17, 26, 7, 27, 30, 24, is a country.
My 1, 26, 19, 11, 24, is useful in making a living.
My 14, 19, 1, 20, 2, is a valuable instrument.
My 15, 16, 8, is a place of refreshment.
My 12, 24, 7, 18, means to appear.
My 21, 15, 9, 3, means to conceal.
My 4, 20, 31, is a problem.

My whole is offered in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post. T. C. F.

Woodyfield.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire I am a celebrated capital city. Curtail me, then transpose, and I am used as a defence to the body. Now behead, and the remainder is a *morbid disease*; again, and when transposed, a foreign measure is before you. Behead once more, and a pronoun ends the scene.

JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a pronoun.
Prefix to me a T and I am an adjective.
Annex an N and I am a noun.
But by both prefixing T and annexing N I become an adverb.
Annex to me a T and I turn to an interjection.
Annex a W and I am a verb.
But annex an R and I am again a pronoun.
What is my name?

Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

Cincinnati, O.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the cathedral's ancient pile,
Echoing through its mystic aisle,
Hear my first like incense rise,
Floating upward to the skies.
Egotism much I fear,
In my second doth appear.
When the storm-clouds pass away,
And pale Luna's gentle ray,
Like a soft and soothing word,
Breaketh forth, it is my third.
As the morning dawneth bright,
With its clear and mellow light,
Hear my whole's shrill, clarion note,
Out upon the still air float.

A.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the polar and equatorial radii of the earth to be 3949.5 and 3963 miles respectively? What is the deviation of a plumb line from the centre of the earth in latitude 43 degrees?

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a circular lot whose diameter is 40 feet, in the centre of which stands a pole 30 feet high; the pole being broken it was observed that the top of it just reached the edge of the lot. What is the height of the part left standing? HOMER.

Odessa, Del.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Ans.—Because it is always in fun. Yes, but why is it the most unfortunate in the alphabet? Ans.—Because it is always in trouble and difficulty.

☞ Why is A like a honeysuckle? Ans.—The B (bee) follows it.

☞ Why is filling lamps a proper work for servants? Ans.—Because it is a *serv-ile* business.

☞ Why is a bad dog like an illogical inference? Ans.—Because it doesn't follow.

☞ What two letters are the most disagreeable to ladies? Ans.—D K.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—Guido Arctino, in the year ten hundred and twenty-five. RIDDLE—Last, Alost, Soul, Tell. CHARADE—Forced (Force, For, Or, O.)

☞ The true lover, if he so far forgets himself as to indulge a joy when alone, will feel as if he was guilty of robbing his partner.